

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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LÉON GAMBETTA.
SEE PAGE 343.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1883.

NEW STORY BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

We beg to announce the forthcoming publication, in the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, of a new and powerful serial story from the picturesque and fascinating pen of Mr. Joaquin Miller, entitled—

"49":

THE GOLD-SEEKER OF THE SIERRAS,

This vigorous novel is a masterful and vivid picture of the wondrous days of 1849-50, when the thirst of gold was at fever-heat, and the eyes of the world were turned towards El Dorado. Few writers of the present day can approach Joaquin Miller in poetic description, while his knowledge of the gold regions serves to add the charm of realism to the glamour of romance. We anticipate for "49" a phenomenal success.

A GREAT TRIBUNE GONE.

IN the death of the great French tribune, Europe loses the only commanding figure who literally owed nothing of his fame and power to any of the ordinary influences which lift the Continental statesman into conspicuous position. To his own surpassing genius was due what he was and what he achieved. Other masters of public affairs—some living, some dead—have either had their careers lighted up by royal sunshine, or have been launched into notice by aristocratic birth. Bismarck has even a more ancient lineage than his imperial master. Skobelev came from a prouder race of men than the Romanoffs; and a lusty republican like Victor Hugo can, if he chooses, use the prefix of count. Disraeli often pointed to his descent from that select band of Spanish Jews who count their blood the purest of the earth, and Mirabeau was a nobleman. Gambetta, however, was of the people. Those who contemplate his life's work in any just spirit will perceive in his personality those sterling attributes which mark a chieftain among men. And while Gambetta came from no family honored by a long and historical record, it is to his credit that he never hated the aristocracy because he was not one of its members. The signal aspiration of his life was to build up in France a republic that would endure. To the writer of these lines he frequently declared that his ideal statesman was Washington, and that no event in the latter's history struck him so forcibly as that of Washington refusing the crown.

Gambetta's life was turbulent beyond that of almost any public man of this century. He was not yet in his prime when he flung his menace in the face of the Third Empire; and from that time forward he became one of the worst hated men in Europe. Carlyle, who had launched his famous philippic against France at a moment when she was overwhelmed by misfortune, spoke of the brave minister as leaving Paris "in a balloon inflated with lies"—a phrase not less inapt than that in which he described Washington "as a good measurer of timber, and a signboard sort of a fellow." But notwithstanding the ferocity with which Gambetta was assailed on all sides, and from every potent voice in Europe, he stood immovable as granite, while the feculent stream of virulence rolled by. His mind was charged with graver matters than heeding the almost unanimous cry of detraction which followed his public acts; and even in the moment when the crazy howl was most deafening, he was silently at work laying broad and deep the foundations of the republic, that France might enjoy the blessings of civil liberty. With that one aim he was content. Personal ambition was subordinate to his hope that there might be a permanent democracy in France. Aware of his own fiery impetuosity, he never sought the supreme power, and no one acquainted with French politics doubts for a moment that, had Gambetta made an outcry, he could have been inducted at any time after the death of Thiers into the Presidential office.

Few men have served their country as well as Gambetta. It is true that Cavour secured the unity of Italy; it is true that Bismarck has fashioned the mightiest empire since the Caesars ruled in Rome; it is true that the eloquence and courage of Castelar have dethroned sovereign after sovereign in Spain; it is true that Gladstone has been the foremost champion of the modern idea of liberty, for over fifty years of an eventful public life; but, reflecting on the achievements of these men, one fails to find in any of their several careers the resolute patriotism founded on a lofty ideal of justice as between man and man

which was so all-pervading in the public life of Gambetta.

Gambetta, like Garibaldi, Mazzini, and others who have fought the feudal institutions of the Old World, had vices. They, however, belong to his private life; and many of his most glaring faults were superinduced by the extraordinary mental strain to which a man of his temperament and occupations must always be subject. Thus dying at forty-four years of age, few can wonder at his end, for when this man—this man of thought and action—who held in his hand the peace of Europe, struggled and fought bravely for his faith, he drew on physical resources which are never inexhaustible. And now the query is, Who is to be the leading Frenchman?

A LIVE GOVERNOR.

NO Executive Message for many a day has been packed so full of trenchant discussion, of keen criticism and vigorous suggestion, as that which Governor Ben Butler delivered to the Massachusetts Legislature last week. The intense personality of the man, which has always made his career one of national interest, finds, perhaps, its most conspicuous illustration in the attention which the whole country gives to his pronouncements as he assumes the chair of state in the old Puritan commonwealth. It is entirely safe to say that no Governor has ever encountered more general curiosity as to his official deliverances, and that no such deliverances have better repaid curiosity.

It was nearly a quarter of a century ago that General Butler first ran for Governor of Massachusetts, and ever since he first fixed his ambition on this office he has been making a study of State affairs. Whereas Governor Cleveland of New York had scarcely entertained the idea six months ago that he would ever be Governor, and had probably never given a thought to the policy he would pursue if he should reach that position, Governor Butler has been all these years examining into State concerns and considering how he would change things if his opportunity should ever come. It is not often that a man has his mind fixed upon the Governor's chair for a period of nearly twenty-five years, and when this happens to one of General Butler's audacity, fertility and radicalism, it is not strange that he should have something to say when the time finally came.

Massachusetts has grown rather complacent over her condition, and it will do the Bay State real good to undergo such a thorough overhauling of her domestic administration as the new Governor has inaugurated. When nearly thirty-seven per cent. of the voting population are prevented from voting, it is high time to inquire if the poll-tax and registration systems should not be changed. So, too, when eighty-seven per cent. of the money spent on reformatory, correctional and pauper institutions goes in salaries and perquisites, and nepotism has almost become reduced to a science in their official staffs, it is well to have the extravagant routine roughly broken by a man who does not accept precedent as his rule, and is not afraid of hurting somebody's feelings by suggesting that his drawing large pay in an unnecessary office ought to be stopped. It is refreshing also to find a Governor ready to tell the blunt truth about the public educational system, and to rebuke the extravagant development which, not only in Massachusetts but in other States, has dwarfed the primary school, beyond which the great majority can never go, for the benefit of a small class of advanced pupils in higher grades. And, considering the inevitable tendency to multiply offices and swell salaries beyond necessity or excuse, it almost requires a bold declaration that one-third of the offices ought to be abolished and the salaries of the rest reduced one-half, to awaken the public to the real need of reform.

Massachusetts naturally resents such an indictment, and some of the counts which are contained in the volume of 120 octavo pages doubtless ought to be dropped, but, all the same, it will do the State good to be called into court. In fact, although the men who have so long controlled the government still talk about the disgrace of Governor Butler's election, it really looks to outsiders as though it might prove one of the best things that ever happened to the commonwealth. A year of such administration as he is likely to give—and he announces his purpose never to run again—would be a good thing for almost any State in the Union.

DRAWING AN INFERENCE.

A SCHOOLBOY, on examination day, was asked if he could draw an inference. "I am not sure," he said, in reply, "that I can do it myself, but I know that, whatever it may be, my dad can snake it out with the steers if he can only get a hitch on it." But the Philadelphia *Bulletin* has performed a feat in this line which would have overtaken the strength of a hundred yoke of oxen, and which, as an illustration

of the superiority of the intellect of "bearded man" over that of woman, is more impressive than anything that we ever witnessed before. It is simply stupendous, forbidding the hope that woman, by any system of training, will ever be able to equal it. Henceforth let her confess her inferiority, and never again dare to claim equality with her giant brother.

The grand achievement of the *Bulletin*, which is nothing less than a stroke of genius, is that of inferring, from the failure of the Woman's Co-operative Dress Association, "that the women are not able to maintain their rights in the conduct of business affairs on a large scale." "The conclusion," it says, with a broad sweep of intellectual power that is absolutely majestic, "is unavoidable, that women were not designed for such work." "Men, and women too, wonder at the unfitness of the sex for large financial and commercial enterprises." The intellectual exertion required to draw an inference so mighty and far-reaching from premises so small is only equalled, so far as we can recollect, by that of the wise father who, when he saw his little boy tumble down in trying to walk, was able to decide without a moment's reflection that the little fellow's legs were never intended for locomotion, and that it was the manifest intention of Providence that children should always be kept in their mother's arms.

But we wrong the *Bulletin* by this comparison. That sagacious father did pretty well for his time, but our Philadelphia neighbor soars an immeasurable distance above him. An ordinary mind would have been slow to see how the failure of one business enterprise under the management of women, acting constantly under the advice of experienced men, proves the incapacity of the whole sex for such occupations; but the *Bulletin* man leaps instantly, without the least impediment, from the narrow edge of the premise to the broad and high expanse of the conclusion. Woman, in her inferiority, would have found herself overburdened for such a logical leap by the recollection that, of all the men who engage in business, only a small number ever win success, while a vast multitude utterly fail. She, with her poor weak head, would have had a vision of the long line of banks, insurance companies, and mercantile enterprises that have been ruined of late by man's incapacity, and would have come to the conclusion that one woman's failure in a mercantile enterprise did not imply that the whole sex is incapable of learning how to manage any business enterprise. She might have remembered—imaginative and emotional creature that she is—that men have evengained wisdom from their mistakes, and so made them stepping-stones to final success; and from this she might even have ventured to hope that the mistakes of women would not prove entirely fatal to their aspirations. It is fortunate for her that the *Bulletin*, by a grand stroke of male genius, has saved her from becoming the victim of such an hallucination!

THE GROWTH OF OUR MANUFACTURES.

WE of course derive the bulk of our wealth as a nation from agriculture, but our manufactures have now become so large that it is necessary to find a foreign market for our surplus production. We have over 250,000 manufacturing establishments in this country, with a capital of \$2,790,000,000, employing 2,738,950 operatives, and paying wages annually to the amount of \$947,919,000. The value of our manufactures is said to be \$5,000,000,000, as against a little less than \$3,000,000,000 in England. So vast an interest cannot confine itself to the home market, and every important increase in the exports of our goods is worthy of notice.

Our exports of cotton goods, it is gratifying to observe, are steadily increasing; in 1880 they were valued at \$7,024,000; in 1881, at \$8,587,000; and in 1882, at \$13,229,000. Nearly 2,000 mills now manufacture woolen goods. The steel industry has made enormous progress within a few years, whatever may be said of the tariff measures to which this is due. Thirteen mills have paid within a year about 68 per cent on a capital of \$21,000,000. The exports of cutlery have increased somewhat. The manufacture of locomotives is now about 1,700 annually, this being a marked increase compared with former years. This increase is due partly to the fact that we have been building railroads at the rate of 11,000 miles a year, and partly to the increasing favor with which our locomotives are meeting in foreign markets. American manufacturers of locomotives have practically driven their British competitors from their own colonies, and are selling to purchasers as near England as Norway and Sweden. In 1880, these exports reached only \$466,000; but, in 1881, they rose to \$893,000, and in 1882 were \$1,455,000. Various smaller manufactures are finding an increasing market in the British colonies, and more particularly, perhaps, in Australia. The colonists say of American manufacturers: "If you

give a Yankee an idea, and it is a good one, he will adopt it at once; in the old country they will not adopt it, no matter how good it is." This obstinacy seems to be of a piece with that which refuses to adopt the "check" system on English railroads.

Moreover, the British Consul at Odessa some months ago notified his Government that American manufacturers had driven the English completely out of Southern Russia with their "cheaper and better horse-rakes, mowers and reapers." This is a fact of no small importance. Our exports of agricultural implements during the last ten years, indeed, show a very marked increase. In 1870 these exports amounted to \$1,068,000; in 1880 they were still only \$1,295,000, and in 1881 but \$1,558,000, while in 1882 they reached a total close to \$3,000,000, and included no less than 10,500 mowers and reapers, and 31,800 plows and cultivators. The annual exports of clocks have risen to \$1,400,000, or an increase of about 250 per cent. within ten years, despite the infringements on American patents by foreigners. The exports of paper and stationery have also increased materially within a few years.

The increase in the manufactures is naturally attended with an increase of business at the Patent Office, and it was estimated not long ago that the receipts for 1882 would reach the unusually large sum of \$1,000,000. Without enumerating the innovations which have more or less aided the manufacture of necessary articles, it is curious to notice what large sums are derived from comparatively trivial inventions, which yet, it may be added, serve to a certain extent to augment the exports. The inventor of roller-skates, it is said, has netted over \$1,000,000 from the invention, and they are exported to South America—especially to Brazil. A dancing toy pays the patentee \$30,000 a year; a patent pen, it is said, has brought the inventor \$1,000,000; a rubber tip on the end of lead-pencils and the gummed newspaper wrapper have made their inventors wealthy. These may be taken as some of the cynical jokes of fortune.

In considering our present manufacturing status, it may be stated that the reports of our consuls abroad are annually becoming more and more important. Formerly, merchants considered them impractical and fit only for stoves and junk-shops. Now, however, it is admitted that they often contain information of the highest importance.

As to New York's position in the manufacturing world, it can never greatly improve, or at best but slowly, owing to the oppressive taxation here levied. The budget for 1883 calls for over \$30,000,000, or a much larger sum than was ever exacted in the worst days of the Tweed régime. Merchants have complained of the taxation in this city for years past, but it has, nevertheless, steadily increased to the injury of more than one important branch of trade, not excepting valuable manufactures, which have in some cases been driven beyond the city limits.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE passage of the Pendleton Civil Service Reform Bill by a vote of over three to one in the House, precisely as it came over from the Senate, completes the history of the most important measure which will be credited to the Forty-seventh Congress. Only forty-seven members were recorded in opposition, all but seven of whom sat on the Democratic side, and although many of the majority doubtless cast their affirmative votes grudgingly, the important thing is that they did cast them. No more striking proof of the power of public opinion over public servants has ever been afforded in this country than the passage by overwhelming majorities in each branch of Congress, at their second session, of a measure which Senators and Representatives had vied with each other in ridiculing at the first session. It is possible to pick flaws in the Bill, and it may not fulfill all the promises of its sincere friends, but it at least blazes the way for genuine and permanent reform, and its passage is cause for the heartiest rejoicing.

TANGLED IN THE MESHES.

OUR great railway and telegraph monopolist seems to be badly entangled in the meshes of the law. Solomon declared, "Vainly is the net spread in the sight of any bird," and it would be doubly foolish to spread it in the sight of so old and wary a bird as Jay Gould. So he has been caught at last in the courts, of which he was not at all afraid, and which he has been accustomed to regard as his own pleasure-grounds.

As the voluntary champion of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Mr. Gould has within the last three weeks met with an unbroken series of disasters, sufficient in number and importance to seriously damage the fortunes of a less audacious speculator fighting the battles of a less wealthy corporation. The curious feature

of this result is that he has suffered all these reverses in a warfare which he himself began for the purpose of completely crushing out and annihilating a growing competitor.

These unparalleled defeats have a significance that is not likely to be overlooked. They do not mean merely that the Western Union has grown presumptuous and that the Mutual Union has grown to be a formidable rival; they mean far more, namely, that the people of the United States have adopted the contest as their own, and that they have resolved not only that all competitors shall have fair play, but that monopolists and extortionists shall be restrained. There is just at this juncture a pressure of popular feeling on law-makers, judges, juries, and all the administrators of justice, moving them so to shape and define the law as to curb the domineering ambition of those worst and most dangerous of tyrants—rich men and powerful corporations that wield public functions without having been elected to office, and exercise authority without responsibility.

How quickly Attorney-General Russell, under the fire of public indignation, retreated from his indefensible claim that he could properly serve the great individual monopolist as counsel in a case which he himself, sitting as judge, had granted the authority to bring! Judges Arnoux and Barrett, both alike able and pure, have followed with decisions clearly in the interest of the people, and other parallel suits have been brought which will prevent the gigantic telegraphic octopus from seizing its prey. A movement has been begun to lay two new cables across the Atlantic to insure equal rates to all and freedom from espionage. Philadelphia has entered the contest on her own account, and suits have been brought to prohibit the Western Union from doing any more business in the State of Pennsylvania on the ground that it has violated and defied the laws against consolidation. In Illinois, suits have been brought to punish the same company for discriminating in its rates to different persons; in fact, Mr. Gould's client is in serious trouble all along the line.

If the struggle goes symmetrically forward and ends as it has begun, the doing of incidental justice to the Mutual Union Telegraph Company, and other parties directly interested, will be the smallest of the resulting advantages. The people are the real plaintiffs in these cases, and if the monopolists are thoroughly beaten the people will be the chief beneficiaries. If the monopolists are beaten, every man who sends or receives messages will have cause for rejoicing. If they are beaten, every extortionist who now piles up his millions by plundering private citizens will see the beginning of the end. If they are beaten, the spirit of agrarianism that now uprises here and there with torch and knife, will have less to feed on, and Herr Moet and his bloodthirsty disciples from Zingara will find it more and more difficult to give reasons for their ghastly crusade. In short, the overthrow of monopoly will be the overthrow of conspiracy and the triumph of order; the defeat of the few and the victory of the many. And this is the central and fundamental fact that finds reflection, consciously or unconsciously, in the decisions of judges, the action of States' attorneys, the verdicts of juries, and the general indignation of the press. The sensitiveness of these tribunals to the popular will, in spite of the benumbing swaddlings of the law, feeling the public pulse through intervening statutes as tides feel the strength of the sun through circumambient ether, is one of the most salutary facts of our national life. It is this sensitiveness which is to save the republic, protecting it from howling levelers on the one hand, and from rapacious plunderers on the other. When the people become convinced that the law as it will protect them, they may learn to look upon great corporations as necessary evils to be quietly tolerated, and they may even cease to demand, as they are now fast coming to demand, that the Government of the United States shall assume the supervision, if not the active management, of all the railroads and telegraphs in our borders. There is only one thing that will still the rising insurrection, and that thing is, justice in the courts.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE death of Gambetta has overshadowed all other events, not only in France, but throughout Europe. The disappearance of the great champion of French aggression is generally accepted as a further guarantee of peace, and the recent war-talk has died out, although some sensation was caused in London last week by a rumor that Germans resident in that city had received notice from the military authorities to hold themselves ready to repair to their native country, to fulfill their terms of military service. Even if true, however, this is probably a mere formality, and Bismarck showed his own belief in the continuance of peace by a declaration, at the imperial reception on New Year's Day, that in the present position of politics it would cause no misfortune to the country if he gave place to other men. The death of General Chanzy,

Gambetta's famous military contemporary, has greatly deepened the impression caused by the demise of the latter. General Chanzy was in some sense the incarnation of the idea of hostility to Germany, and was on this account the peculiar idol of those who still cherish the hope of some day avenging the disasters of 1870-71. His death will certainly tend to deepen the political complications of the Republic.

The floods in Germany and Austria have become so serious as to assume the form of a great public catastrophe. Mayence, Mannheim, Freiburg, and a host of smaller places, have been inundated; tens of thousands of families have been rendered homeless, and sixty or seventy lives are known to have been lost, while the full death-list in consequence of the calamity will be many times that number. The military and civil authorities are making the greatest exertions to mitigate the misery of the disaster; but, despite all their efforts, terrible distress prevails.

Agrarian outrages continue in Ireland, and the prosecutions of national leaders for treasonable utterances appear only to strengthen the hostile feeling against the Government. Delaney, who attempted to shoot Judge Lawson at Dublin, in November, has been found guilty of conspiracy to murder, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Mr. Trevelyan, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has gone to personally inspect the distressed districts. A large increase in the number of assistant land commissioners is contemplated. The applications under the Arrears Act, the time for receiving which terminated at the end of December, affect 130,000 holdings. If they were all granted, it would involve the payment of £800,000 by the state to the landlords. The Irish National League is extending its operations, and now has 300 branches.

The Sultan is falling into a wretched state of mind, being practically demented, and suspecting all who surround him of treason. Fuad Pasha has again been arrested on the charge of conspiracy, and all but four of the Ministers have been prohibited from crossing the bridge between Stamboul and Pera without the Sultan's consent. The Czar of Russia is no less unhappy, and woke up a few mornings ago to find in his bedroom a letter from the Revolutionary Committee, demanding the commencement of the promised reforms, and adding that the committee possess power forcibly to obtain concessions.—Lord Granville has addressed a circular to British representatives abroad inviting the Powers to recognize definitely the free navigation of the Suez Canal by the ships of all nations, but subject to a rule forbidding belligerent operations both in its channel and within a certain distance of its extremities.

THE growing influence of Mormonism outside Utah, as well as in that Territory, was freshly illustrated in the Idaho Legislature a few days ago. A resolution was introduced providing that every member should be required to take oath that he was not a bigamist or polygamist, and has no sympathy with the Mormon concubinage system; but the Mormons and their sympathizers proved numerous enough to defeat it. With such evidence of the aggressiveness of the polygamists, it would be the height of folly for Congress to allow matters to drift along as they are going now.

THE principle of Civil Service Reform is steadily gaining ground throughout the country. The South Carolina Democrats, in their Convention last Fall, adopted a resolution declaring that there ought to be no removals from office except for cause, and Governor Thompson, in making his nominations for county offices, has followed this rule, renominating the present incumbents in all cases where they had discharged their duties satisfactorily. The politicians begin to appreciate the fact that the people are in earnest about this matter.

VERMONT has set an excellent example for other States to imitate in appointing three of her most prominent citizens as forestry commissioners, with instructions to investigate the extent and condition of the commonwealth's forests, and consider what measures ought to be taken for their protection. The destruction of forests has already reached a stage in many parts of the country which demands the interference of the State, and Vermont has done well in taking a practical step towards arresting the evil within her boundaries.

PRESIDENT McCOSH of Princeton College has uttered a needed warning against the excessive indulgence in athletic sports which prevails so generally among students in educational institutions at the present day. The neglect of exercise which characterized the old scholastic régime was a great evil, but the pendulum has now swung to the other extreme, and not a few students in every college pay more attention to their sports than to their studies. It is high time that faculties should call a halt, and the example of the Princeton president should be promptly followed by the heads of other institutions.

THE new Governor of Connecticut, in his inaugural address, recommends the passage of laws facilitating the act of voting, and providing that no contributions of money shall be made by any candidate for office for election purposes, and that before taking office the person elected shall make oath that he has not violated this statute. The utility of such a law is certainly doubtful, and in Pennsylvania, where the experiment has been tried, it has proved an utter failure. Genuine reform of the civil service will not be at all promoted by the prohibition of voluntary contributions by candidates for necessary and legitimate election expenses. It is entirely right and proper that the man who may be honored by

his party with a nomination of any sort should, if he desires to do so, contribute precisely as others do to expenditures of this description. A law prohibiting contributions to be employed in corrupting voters, or debauching the ballot, and requiring successful candidates to make oath that they have not done so, would be in every way proper and defensible, though it is difficult to see how it could be enforced; but to say that a candidate shall be denied the privilege of assisting his own canvass by legitimate expenditures is to make the whole movement for reform ridiculous.

THE announcement that two youths of the baser sort have been recently convicted in California for robbing Chinamen is an encouraging sign. The craze against the Mongolians has for years been so violent that they have been unable to secure protection from the law against thieves and bullies, and the punishment of two hoodlums for an offense of this sort is, therefore, a noteworthy event. It is to be hoped that it really marks a turn in the tide of public sentiment, and that the Pacific Coast will speedily recover from the unreasonable frenzy into which it was thrown by the advent of a few thousand immigrants from the Flowery Kingdom.

THE decrease of the public debt during the first half of the fiscal year was \$81,370,783, or an average of about \$13,500,000 per month. In December the reduction amounted to the sum of \$15,413,222. It is not expected, however, that this average can be maintained. The Treasury receipts are likely to diminish, while, on the other hand, the expenditures on pension and other accounts will increase. The Secretary of the Treasury has estimated the surplus for the year at \$120,000,000, and if this estimate is trustworthy, then only \$39,000,000 can be expended in reducing the debt in the next six months, or an average of less than \$7,000,000 per month.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND'S first Message to the Legislature is somewhat disappointing. Not that it makes any recommendations or betrays any tendencies which are not reasonable and sound, but that it lacks the vigorous grasp of state affairs, and the boldness of suggestion which should be possessed by the chief executive. It reads like the Message of a man who is rather painfully feeling his way along an untried path, and who is perhaps unduly distrustful of his own powers. However, the new Governor appears to be applying himself with diligence to a mastery of his new duties, and the people will not be impatient with a man who seems so honest in his purpose to discharge faithfully the great trust committed to him.

THE decadence of sectional feeling and the passions of the war has perhaps received no more signal illustration than the recent invitation by the Grand Army Post of Bangor, Me., numbering among its members 350 old Union soldiers, to Fitz-Hugh Lee, the ex-Confederate General, to deliver before them his lecture on the battle of Chancellorsville. A few years ago such a proposition would have been received almost with horror; but, as the great struggle has receded, both North and South have come to feel, in the words of this invitation, that "the deeds of valor performed on either side during the war have now become the property of the nation." General Lee has responded in the same frank and kindly spirit, and, although he cannot now accept the invitation, promises to do so at some future day.

THE steady growth of public sentiment in favor of temperance is illustrated by the recent action of the Cunard Steamship Line in discontinuing the serving of grog to their seamen, and substituting coffee instead. Time was, and that not so very long ago, when Jack counted upon his grog as surely as upon his breakfast, but one by one the leading ocean steamship lines have been dropping the ancient practice, until at last the most conservative of them all puts an end to the system. Some of the captains shake their heads at the innovation, and say that it will be impossible to get as much work out of the men on coffee as on rum, but the average passenger, whatever his personal habits, will feel safer at the reflection that the men upon whose careful performance of their duty his life may depend are no longer in danger of getting drunk while at their posts.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the announcement that the Malagasy envoys are to visit this country with a view of establishing a better commercial understanding with our Government, we have the statement that the United States steamship *Enterprise* is to be dispatched to the Madagascar Coast, with a view of obtaining information as to the operations of the French in that quarter, and such other information there and elsewhere as will aid in the development of commerce in those portions of the world for whose trade the nations of Europe are now so earnestly competing. It is to be hoped that, before anything else, a searching inquiry will be made by the officers of the ship into the recent murder of two Americans on the coast of Madagascar, an outrage which, so far as now appears, was altogether unprovoked and indefensible, and for which the State Department should promptly, upon ascertaining confirmatory evidence of this fact, demand the amplest reparation. Just now, the American consul in Madagascar being absent from his post, the rights of Americans there are left comparatively unprotected, and the visit of a vessel of war to the coast, emphasized by a vigorous demand from our Government for the punishment of all offenders against the persons or rights of American subjects, can scarcely fail to have a salutary effect.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

SMALLPOX is raging in Atlanta, Ga., among both blacks and whites.

THE total bonded debt of the State of Maine, less the sinking fund, is \$4,178,716.

IN Winnipeg, one day last week, the thermometer registered 39 degrees below zero.

A PETITION has been presented in the Ontario Legislature for the incorporation of the Niagara Falls Park Company.

A FIRE at Cohoes, N. Y., on the 4th instant, destroyed three large rolling and knitting mills, causing a loss of \$400,000.

THE Democratic and Greenback members of the Michigan Legislature have agreed to act together on all questions of party policy.

MAYOR EDSON has refused a license for the production of the "Passion Play" in this city, thus confirming the decision of his predecessor.

THE Attorney-General has given an opinion that the Chinese law applies only to laborers and others intending to remain in the United States.

THE Bill relative to the Presidential succession is under discussion in the United States Senate, but the prospects of its passage are not encouraging.

THE House of Representatives has passed the Army Appropriation Bill, with the provision for the gradual abolition of the pay corps of the army.

CHARGES are made that the State of Pennsylvania has been defrauded of several millions, the proceeds of her war claims against the Government.

THE rumor is again current that Collector Robertson of the Port of New York is to be removed to make room for a representative of the "Stalwart" machine.

THE Governor of Missouri in his Message to the Legislature, felicitates the State upon the fact that it is now free from the robber bands which have heretofore disgraced it.

THE pig-iron manufacturers of Pennsylvania and adjoining States have formed an organization for the purpose of more efficiently protecting their interests against hostile legislation.

GOVERNOR BUTLER suffered a defeat in the organization of the Massachusetts Senate, his candidate for president of that body being beaten by a combination of Republicans and Democrats.

A REMARKABLE epidemic prevails at Binghamton, N. Y., hundreds of persons having been attacked by a mysterious disease, which prostrates them for some time, though no case has proved fatal.

SERIOUS scarcity of water is reported in many parts of New England and the Middle States, and a number of the manufacturing usually operated by water-power, have been forced to employ steam.

IT is expected that the Bill for the relief of Fitz-John Porter will pass the Senate during the present week, notwithstanding the able and exhaustive argument of Senator Logan in opposition to it.

SENATOR FERRY, of Michigan, was last week nominated for re-election by a majority of the Republican members of the Legislature. In Minnesota, Senator Windom is thought to be certain of re-election.

THE Treasurer of Tennessee, Colonel M. T. Polk, has absconded, and an examination of the Treasury reveals a defalcation of \$500,000. The disclosure has caused intense excitement throughout the State.

THE Secretary of War has reported to Congress that of the River and Harbor Appropriations \$6,000,000 will remain unexpended next July, which is quite enough to carry on all necessary works for another year.

GOVERNOR CULLOM'S Message to the Illinois Legislature estimates the amount necessary to be raised by taxation for State uses for the next two years at \$3,681,000; for public schools, \$2,000,000. He recommends a constitutional amendment giving the Executive power to veto single items in Appropriation Bills.

IT is estimated that at least 10,000 looms and probably 200,000 spindles are idle in the cotton and woolen mills of Philadelphia in consequence of continued depression in the trade. This means a total loss of work for between 5,000 and 6,000 operatives, while ten times as many are working at reduced wages and shortened time.

A GRAND Winter carnival will commence at Montreal on the 24th instant. An ice palace is now being erected which will require 40,000 feet of ice for its completion. The centre tower will be 120 feet in height, with a tower a little less in height at each corner. The interior, as well as the exterior, will be brilliantly lighted by electricity.

THE Illinois Board of Health has driven from the State thirty-one persons who falsely made oath that they were graduates of foreign medical universities. The latest case was that of a barber named Lambricht, who butchered a mother and her unborn babe at Collinsville. He personated Dr. Henry A. Luders, from Goettingen, now dead, and presented his diploma.

THE United States Senate has passed the Bill extending the bonding period for distilled spirits for two years. The House should by all means reject the Bill. There are about 90,000,000 gallons in bond, upon which about \$80,000,000 taxes are now due. As fast as the whisky comes out of bond the taxes must be paid; so that if the period is by law extended two years the tax will remain unpaid for that time.

Foreign.

CHILE has levied another war contribution of 2,000 silver soles each on fifty Peruvians.

THE Municipal Bank of Lápajok, Russia, has failed, with liabilities amounting to several millions of rubles, and assets of only twenty-nine rubles.

MR. TREVELYAN, Chief Secretary for Ireland, on a tour of inspection in the parish of Donegal, visited twenty families and found no leprosy in any house.

IT is stated that the negotiations between France and England in relation to Egypt have terminated, England making no new proposal on the question of control.

MR. HENRY STEVENS'S collection of documents relative to Benjamin Franklin, which was purchased by the United States, has been handed over to Mr. Lowell.

THE body of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," has been disinterred and shipped from Tunis for this country, where a fitting monument is to be raised over the remains by W. W. Corcoran, the Washington millionaire.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 343.



SCENE IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, COLOGNE.



BOATMEN IN MAYENCE RESCUING ENDANGERED CITIZENS.
GERMANY.—THE RECENT FLOODS ON THE RHINE.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE NEW CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL, ON THE VICTORIA THAMES EMBANKMENT.



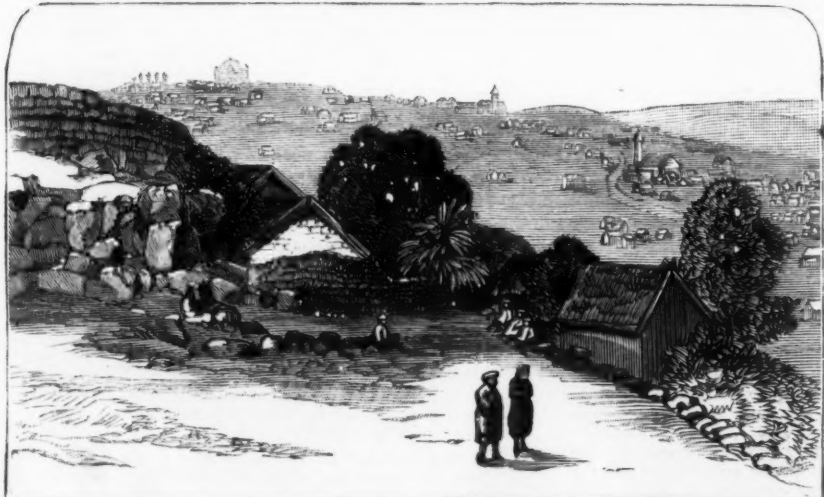
SPAIN.—THE GREAT SNOW-STORM OF DEC. 12TH—REMOVING THE SNOW FROM THE PLAZA MAYOR, MADRID.



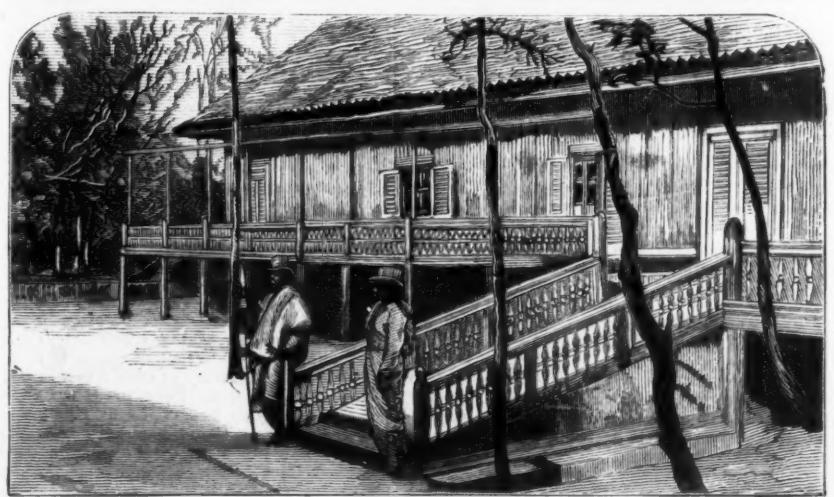
EGYPT.—THE TRIAL OF ARABI AT CAIRO—READING THE SENTENCE OF DEATH.



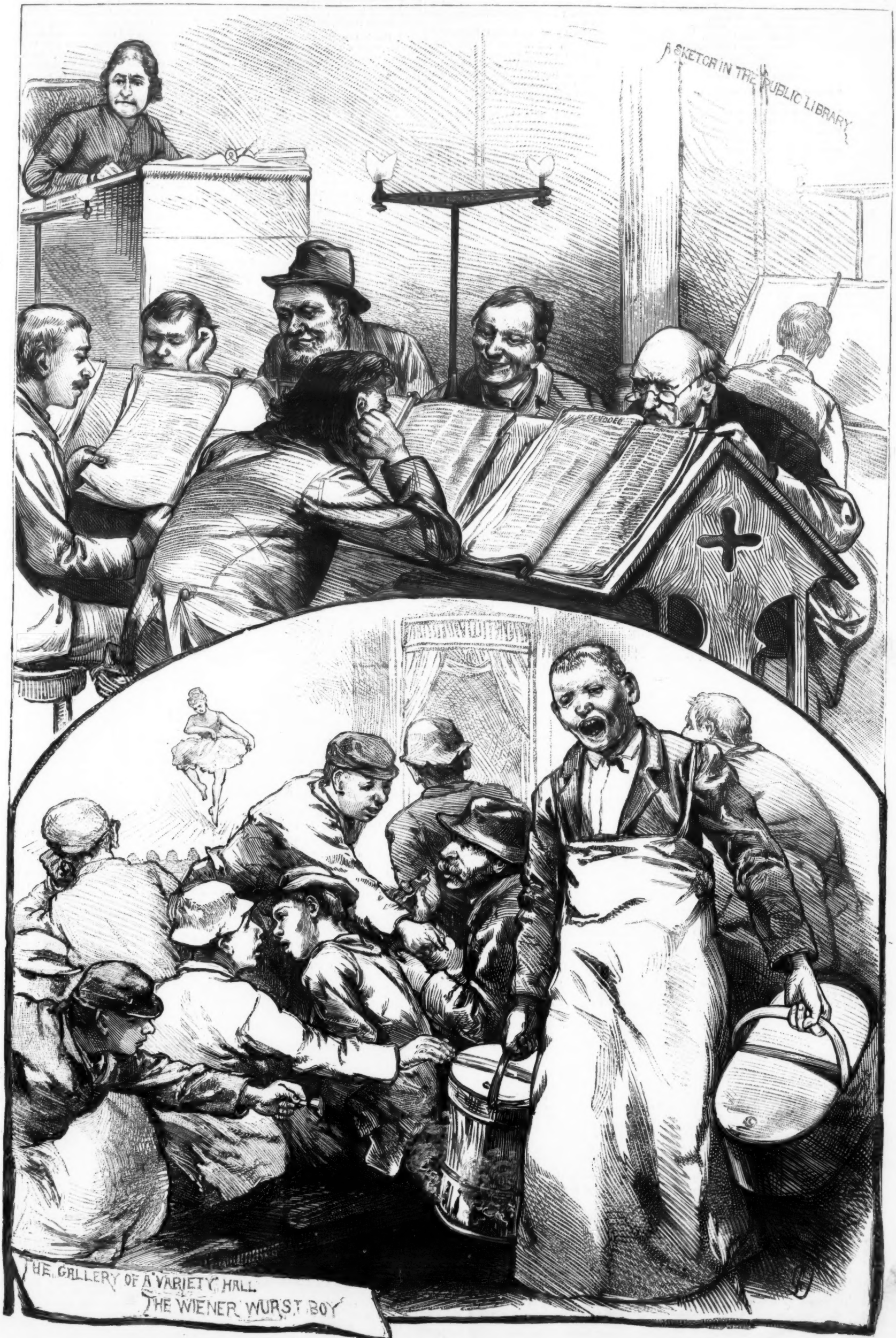
RUSSIA.—NIGHT REFUGE ESTABLISHED BY COUNT IGNATIEFF AT NUNI-NOVGOROD.



MADAGASCAR.—ANTANANARIVO, THE CAPITAL, FROM THE NORTH.



MADAGASCAR.—THE QUEEN'S PALACE, ANTANANARIVO.



OHIO.—NIGHT SCENES IN THE CITY OF CINCINNATI.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 343.

AFTERWARDS.

I.
FAREWELL! 'Twas uttered lightly,
No outward sign of pain,
The deep eyes still shone brightly
As hand clasped hand again.
Farewell! The lips were smiling,
The tones had no regret,
The fair face so beguiling
Unsaddened was. And yet—

When all around were sleeping—
One restless heart alone
Was tearful vigil keeping
Its coldness to atone.
When bravely, on the morrow,
The light laugh hushed the sigh,
None guessed the night of sorrow
Caused by that last good-by.

II.
It might have been. Ah! full of deep regret
We murmur thus o'er days long past and fled.
It might have been—vain, idle words; and yet
By mortal lips no sadder can be said.

It might have been—and now it is no more,
The dream of life that opened out so fair;
When skies, once cloudless, slowly shaded o'er,
And Hope's bright future melted into air.

It might have been. Perchance ourselves let slip
The fatal word that brought us all the ill;
The brimming cup just lifted to the lip,
Shattered to earth, our hand no more can fill.

It might have been, but for that cruel word
That wrought such anguish past all Love's repair;
It might have been, if only we had heard
The warning voice, to save us from despair.

It might have been—it might have been. In vain
The tortured heart may struggle to get free;
The iron "Never" brings not half such pain
As that which might have been—but may not be.

A VICTORIOUS DEFEAT.

THE little train of three cars puffed slowly over the bridge, and around the short curve, out of sight and sound, leaving behind only a long trail of blue smoke drifting in rings up the side of the mountain.

Leslie Gordon stood alone, close to her one great trunk, on the long, sunny, country platform, and looked about her, wonderingly. Not a house of any description in sight, only the neatly trimmed hedge, guarding yonder road on the one side, and, upon the other, the dark green of the pine woods, standing out so boldly against the rocky surface of the hills. It all seemed so very quiet to her, fresh from the great city, with its turmoil and noise—very quiet, with nothing but the rustling of leaves in the soft Summer air, and the echoing song of some bird, out of sight in the sky.

"No one here!" she exclaimed, tapping the planks with her foot, impatiently. "Whatever am I to do?"

In that remark Miss Gordon was guilty of injustice towards a party in blue overalls and checked shirt, who at the further end of the platform was busily engaged in unloading a large, old-fashioned wagon, and piling its contents up against the shed.

Almost the instant of the complaint she noticed him also, and involuntarily smiled. He certainly was odd-looking as he bent, so perfectly unconcerned, over his work, in his rough, ill-fitting clothes and the torn, ragged rim of a great straw hat flapping up and down before his eyes. He never looked up, however, and the young lady, used to being stared at in admiration, turned away in evident disdain, and looked anxiously down the long road.

"Why don't they come?" she murmured to herself. "Now that man is going, and I won't stay here alone"; and she walked straight up to him, holding back her dress with one hand, from any chance contact with the country produce piled upon the platform.

"If you please, sir," she said, smilingly, "how far is the old 'Metler Farm' from here?"

"About three miles, miss," he replied, glancing quickly up from his work.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, in despair. "They were to meet me here, and now I don't know what to do."

The tone, almost of alarm, in her voice evidently caught his ear, for he straightened up, pushed back his shocking straw hat and revealed a brown, sunburned, manly face under it, made strong by a pair of earnest gray eyes.

"You need not worry, miss," he said, pleasantly. "I am working upon the 'Metler place,' and if you will deign to honor a farm-wagon, you may ride there with me."

She looked at him in some considerable astonishment.

"Oh, why—willingly; but my trunk?"

"Is that it sitting at the further end of the platform? We'll take that with us."

And she stood watching him as he lifted the heavy article into the bottom of the wagon.

"Now, miss," he said, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "if you will kindly step on this wheel, we will soon be ready."

Almost lifted in his strong, and somewhat audacious, arms, Miss Gordon finally succeeded in perching herself upon the high spring seat, and the next moment her companion had clambered up beside her.

Out upon the broad, shaded New England road they rattled, and down by the broad-caved farmhouses, and the shaded orchards and fields of grain.

It was all new, a strange experience to our city girl, with her fresh memories of boarding-school and fashionable watering-places—a new departure not, we fear, altogether a pleasant one. A mere girl's freak it was, that first took her to this little out-of-the-way station—a freak she almost regretted now.

"I wonder what papa would say," she kept thinking, as she held on tightly with both hands

to the narrow seat, and glanced over at the flapping hat rim beside her; "and the girls. Just think, I, Leslie Gordon, the latest rage, riding in a dirty farm-wagon, alone with the hired man—now I really believe he's going to speak to me."

"Do you expect to remain long at 'Metler's'?" he asked, looking right ahead over his horses.

"I really don't know," she answered, very coldly, and he glanced up at her, with a world of merriment in his eyes, and said, Leslie thought, almost tantalizingly:

"You are Miss Gordon, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

And in spite of herself, she could not help noticing his smile, as he turned his head and guided the team about a sharp corner.

"He is real good-looking, only for his clothes," she thought; "perhaps I ought to be more polite."

"Is Mrs. Metler at home now?" was asked, finally.

"Yes," he answered, as shortly as she had done, and then the brief attempt at conversation subsided; he looking so straightforward at the team, and she holding on to the seat, and gazing away upon the panorama of scenery, reaching out to where the river cut its way through the valley. And so they rode on silently over the pleasant farm-lands, between the low hedges, until, from the top of a long hill, he pointed down into the valley below, and said, "That is the 'Metler Farm,' the house you see under those great elms, by the river." And she looked out, as he pointed, over the beautiful picture, and thanked him.

As, a few moments later, they drove up close by the gate, Mrs. Metler, a motherly-looking woman, ran out, and taking the young girl—who had sprung to the ground unassisted—into her arms, kissed her on either cheek.

"So you are Leslie Gordon!" she cried. "Why, my girl, how you have grown, to be sure!"

Inside, the dark, old-fashioned farmhouse, Leslie found the great front chamber reserved for her—a cool, low room, with windows opening out upon the river, and a great elm-tree shading them. Presently up the broad stairway her driver came staggering with her trunk, and putting it down, where she directed, retired without a word.

"Really, he scarcely looks like the proverbial hired man," said Leslie to herself, as she proceeded straightway to unpack before tea. Presently Mrs. Metler's voice called from below, and she went down to the evening meal in her simple traveling-dress.

"This is John, my son," the old farmer quietly said, in introduction, and Leslie bowed across the table to her companion, the driver.

"The son is better than the hired man, any way," she mentally concluded, and then followed that by deciding him truly good-looking.

"How delightful it all is," she whispered to herself, when, an hour later, she swung carelessly back and forth in a hammock, out under the trees, as the sun was going down. And she watched curiously the long procession of cows coming slowly up the lane, with the farmer's son loitering along behind them in the full red glow of the sunset.

"You seem to be happy to-night," he stopped to say, switching off the head of a mullen with his whip.

"Yes," she replied. "It is so very pleasant here, so different from at home."

"We are old-fashioned and it must a great change for you," he said, turning away.

"I mean to go with you some night and help drive up the cows," she spoke, after him, and then coming down from the hammock Leslie leaned over the low fence and watched him at the milking, until the heavy dew falling drove her to the protection of the house.

Finally John completed his work, and following her indoors, took down a book from the shelf, and going close to the fireplace, settled down to read. It grew gradually late, and Miss Gordon, making her good-night, prepared to retire. As she drew near the front door, which stood open, the beautiful scene without attracted her to linger a moment upon the vine-embowered porch. Down by the river all was in dense shadow, save where now and then a burst of moonlight fell along the waters and changed them to gleaming silver, but down further into the more distant valley the village lights in the windows flashed out like innumerable fireflies in the darkness, and over beyond it all, like a vast curtain, shutting out the more distant world, stood the great rocky mountain, its seamed sides hidden, and the round, full moon just peeping over its shoulder and throwing the tall pines below into fantastic shadow. And Leslie Gordon stood there with her fair face full in the light, leaning against the great wooden pillar of the porch and looking out across that stretch of country, until she had forgotten time and all in her rapt admiration of the scene.

"How beautiful it is!" she cried, unconsciously, aloud. "Such a scene must have inspired him who said:

"How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven."

A strong voice beside her went on where she closed:

"In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths;
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky."

He adds, "You remember, Miss Gordon?"

Had a thunderbolt suddenly fallen from the clear sky upon her, Leslie would not have been more surprised than when she turned and met the calm, gray eyes of John Metler. In her instant of astonishment she could not help saying:

"What, you quoting Southey, Mr. Metler?"

"Certainly, Miss Gordon, all the reading is not confined to the city; some has wandered

into the hills. Perhaps you remember Milton says—

"Wisdom's self
Of seeks so sweet, retired solitude;
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired."

"I thank you for the lesson," Leslie said, slowly, with a red flame burning in either cheek. "I shall not forget. Good-night," and she held out a white hand to him and fled up the wide stairway, never glancing back to where he remained standing so silently, looking out upon the river and the rising moon.

"All the men-folks are busy in the harvest-field, to-day," Mrs. Metler said, as Leslie came down in her neat, white dress very late to breakfast the next morning. So she wandered alone about the old farm until noon, when they all came in flushed and tired.

"John," the father said, as they arose from the table, "you had better take Miss Gordon out on the hill after berries with the picnic party this afternoon," and so it was arranged.

It was a strange company, Leslie could not keep from thinking, as they met at the appointed crossroads.

"Of all abominable, old-fashioned dresses," she wrote home that night, "I saw them there, and such funny people; but they were real good, and I enjoyed myself immensely." And she did, with the color fresh in her cheeks and a great rent in her new dress, wandering over the "patch" through the long, warm afternoon, until, at last, tired and heated, she sank down upon a huge boulder, and John Metler flung himself on the short grass at her feet.

"He is different from them," she felt, as she sat there watching him, and now and then interchanging bits of common talk.

And the red sun began to sink downward in the western sky and the shadows to lengthen along the ground, and it was time to go, and he rose slowly to his feet. The next instant, forgetting all self-restraint, dropping all his quietness, he suddenly gave one spring forward, caught the astonished girl in his strong arms, and with one quick, marvelous turn, swung her behind him.

"Sir! what—" Leslie indignantly exclaimed, but he only pointed silently to a long, wriggling rattlesnake pushing swiftly from sight into the bushes, and her face grew very pale as he helped her down the steep hill back to the house.

"Do you care for a row on the river this evening?" he asked, as they drew near the door.

"Oh, very much," and she glanced up into his face, as she passed in before him.

It was just dusk as they went down the bank together—he, with the long, slender oars resting over his shoulder; and she, with a light chip hat perched coquettishly upon her dark hair. Just dusk, and the fireflies were at play in the shadows as John Metler pushed the boat from shore, and with a few swift, sturdy strokes brought it into the centre of the stream.

The high, wooded banks grew ill-defined and dark, as they proceeded swiftly against the current, with the shadows thick upon either side, and only a little gleam of starlight in the middle, where the boat plowed its pleasant way along.

Leslie leaned back in the stern, grasping the tiller rope, and watched her companion as with quick, strong strokes he urged the boat onward. He had thrown aside his hat, and the soft, Summer air had flung back the closely curling hair from the broad forehead.

"You find it hard work, Mr. Metler?" she said, at length, for want of something better, letting her slender fingers trail over in the clear water.

"Oh, no!" he replied, looking up into her face, with a laugh, "this is only pleasure—recreation, and the rest will come in floating back."

"How far do we go up stream?"

"Only to the bridge—about a mile. I saw some violets by that great root this morn'g, and suddenly releasing his grasp upon one oar, he reached out and plucked them. "The flower of modesty," he said, flinging his treasures into her lap. "May they never wither!"

"And my choice among all flowers," she answered him. "I must have some every day, if they be plenty hereabout."

"You shall never want," he replied, earnestly, and she grew strangely silent as he bent over the oars.

They turned about, under the deep, black shadow of the bridge, and then slowly drifted down the starlit stream, with the long limbs waving and reaching out as if to stop the passage of the boat on either side.

"How very quiet everything is to-night!" she murmured, dreamily, as he rested back in the bow, looking up through the arched leaves, almost meeting overhead.

"Yes, it is almost a dream—like the boat song of Tennyson," he replied; then asked, suddenly, "Do you sing, Miss Gordon?"

"No," she answered, holding a violet over in the water; "not at all, but I think you do. Won't you sing the song you mentioned just now?"

And he did sing it superbly, in a rich tenor voice, and the words echoed back from either bank and stole along the still water, in the silent night a perfect burst of melody. When he ended they were at home again.

"You have given me a most pleasant evening," Leslie said, as he helped her carefully out upon the great, round stone which served as a landing-place.

"It was selfishness on my part," he said, gently. "But it shall not be the last. Good-night."

The first thing to attract Leslie's notice the next morning was a great vase of violets, standing upon her centre-table, freshly picked, and still heavy with their weight of dew.

"He does love me—me," she murmured. "Oh, why is it so? why must he be such a

gentleman, and yet only a mountain farmer, after all?" and her cheeks grew flushed and hot, as she entered the little breakfast-room, and in spite of herself, her heart beat the faster for his kindling eye.

So the long, pleasant days of the happy Summer drifted swiftly away—with the morning's quiet about the farm and the pleasant, cool evenings upon the river. With the girl's heart growing gradually warmer and warmer toward her farmer lover, yet never once acknowledging it, for a moment, even to herself. Her pride yet held in restraint the better impulses of her nature.

One early morning toward the end, feeling even more rebellious than usual, she wandered out alone along the sunny lane, toward the river, seeking flowers with which to decorate her room.

Wandering slowly along in the shadow, swinging her light chip hat carelessly in one hand, she passed the field where the men were busy, and then suddenly noticed some extremely brilliant wild flowers blooming upon the high bank near her.

"How beautiful," she said, her eyes kindling. "I must have them; but how?" Then she saw a large log projecting out into the water. A moment of doubt, and gathering her skirts closer she went down the steep bank.

"Don't venture upon that log, Miss Gordon!" said a voice, imperiously, she thought. "What business has he to order me about?" she spoke to herself, indignantly, and went straight forward.

"It is not safe—let me—"

"It's safe enough," she called back, without looking up. "I am going to have those flowers."

As she spoke, she placed one little foot upon the apparently solid wood, tried its stability an instant, and then stepped quickly out, balancing herself by catching a drooping branch of a tree above. Drawing close to the flowers, she leaned forward to grasp her prize, a gleam of victory in her flushed face, when, with the movement, one foot slipped slightly on the moss-covered trunk, the heavy log slowly turned over in the water, and without a cry, only a wild grasping with her outstretched hands for some support, she plunged over and disappeared beneath the stream.

For the watcher to utter one cry of alarm, fling off his outer garments and spring to the point where she had disappeared, was but the work of an instant. But the swift current had borne her body rapidly downward toward the spot where the great waterwheel of a mill, turned so cruelly a little distance below. With a dozen strong, powerful strokes the rescuer was beside her. Lifting her head with one arm out of the water he endeavored to regain the shore, but the strong current was too swift and the effort vain. He looked ahead to the place where the wheel was turning, and setting his lips firm together, made one more desperate effort—tried to catch the boughs overhead, but it was useless, and they were swept resistlessly onward.

"Put your arms about my neck—so," he ordered, and weak and nearly exhausted by the long struggle, she obeyed.

"Can you hold there?"

"Yes," her pale lips only dared reply. Straight ahead of them was a turn, and there the current swept closer to the shore—it was the only hope now, and he worked for it; worked for it as a man will work for life, doubly dear to him. Closer, closer, inch by inch it draws nearer terribly swift—every nerve is strained to the utmost, and now just below they hear the horrible "clank," "clank" of the revolving wheel. One moment, with every sinew braced, every muscle in full play, they draw closer in; the hanging bushes are almost in reach, but still they are borne onward! Lost—no, not yet! One mighty effort, and fairly lifting his burden from the water, he grasps a branch—it snaps under the weight, but he has caught another, and now, hand over hand, he draws the double burden up. With hands tightly clasped about him, Leslie is pale and almost unconscious, and he presses his warm kisses upon her face.

"Saved—saved! oh, Leslie, my darling!" he cried, passionately.

As her heavy eyes opened and looked up, she saw his face and remembered it all.

"Oh, John, forgive me, I was so foolish!"

And he could only answer: "I have nothing to forgive."

"He loves me and he kissed me," Leslie kept repeating over, as in her own room she exchanged her wet clothes for drier ones; "he loves me and I—Oh, I won't!" and she hid her flushed face in her hands. "I must go away, yes, I will go to-morrow—now, that's settled," and firm in the determination, she fled down the stairs.

Sitting alone in the little parlor an hour later, she heard a slight, nervous knock at the front door, and without disturbing Mrs. Metler, she went herself to answer it. A little, shock-headed country boy stood outside, who opened his blue eyes wide in astonishment.

"Be you the boarder?" he asked.

"I have that honor, I believe," she smiled. "What is it, my little man?"

"Nothin' much. I was down to town, and a feller there gave me this fer Mr. Metler—will you give it ter him?"

"Yes," taking a letter from his hand; "we thank you very much."

It was irresistible the temptation to glance at the address—a temptation which Leslie did not attempt to combat. The next instant she stood erect, with red cheeks and dancing eyes. It read: John Metler, Esq., Editor of Beacon. Forward to Barnville, Vt.

"He is not a farmer, only playing one," she cried. "Oh, John, John!" and buried her face deep in the soft cushions of the great, old-fashioned sofa.

"Mother tells me," John Metler said, gravely, "as he found her out on the porch

alone after supper, "that you must go away to-morrow?"

"Yes," she answered, twisting a spray of honeysuckle in her hands; "my visit is very nearly over now."

"And you are not very sorry, I fear. It has been dull for you." He spoke perhaps more earnestly than he intended.

"Oh, but I am very, very sorry indeed! I have had such a grand summer, and shall miss the old farm so much," and a stray gleam of light fell through the open door and quivered an instant upon her dark hair.

"And is that regret all for the farm—none for the dwellers thereon?" he questioned, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, of course. I shall dislike very much having to leave Mrs. Metter and Mr. Metter and—'Nibs'—"

"So you feel it necessary to name the cat first," he cried, hotly, rising to his feet. "Very well, I will wish you good-night."

"John!" He turned quickly at his name spoken in that earnest tone, and as he did so she arose and faced him. "I did not suppose I needed to say how much I should miss you," and he saw there were tears in the eyes looking straight into his own so loyally. "Sometimes I think I shall miss you more than all."

"I maidenly was it, this avowal? But John thought differently as he caught her little hands quickly, passionately in his own.

"Can I hope then?" he cried. "Oh, Leslie, darling, look up to me!" and as she turned her eyes to him, he read the love shining in their depths and was content.

"Do you guess what made me name all the others before you?" she questioned, an hour later, glancing up shyly into his face. "No? Well it was because they belong on the farm and your home is at the Beacon office, New York city."

"What?" in surprise, "did you know that?"

"Why, how stupid! of course. You surely never supposed for a moment that I fell in love with a simple farmer, did you, John?"

And he was strangely silent, looking far off across the valley to where the distant mountain rose black against the sky.

LEON GAMBETTA.

THE last hour of the closing year witnessed the death of Leon Gambetta, the greatest and most conspicuous of Frenchmen. He had been ill for some weeks, but it was not until almost the last that the public was informed that his condition was critical. His death appears to have been due to a pistol-shot wound which he received in the latter part of November, and about which there is much mystery. The first story was that the weapon was discharged as he was carelessly handling it, while another version represents that the pistol was fired by a woman, during a quarrel, with whom he had for many years been connected. The wound, however inflicted, ultimately led to blood-poisoning, and the invalid's last hours were full of terrible suffering. The death agony began about ten o'clock on the evening of December 31st, and five minutes before the advent of the New Year he had breathed his last.

Gambetta died in the very prime of his powers. He was born on April 22, 1838, at Cahors, France, of an Italian father, who kept a grocery store, and a French mother, the daughter of a well-to-do chemist. As a boy he was sent to the Catholic seminary and the Lyceum of his native town, and was designed by his father for the priesthood; but as he grew up the idea became more and more distasteful to him, until at last he revolted against it, and entered a purely secular institution. His original purpose was to study medicine, but the accident of losing one of his eyes caused a change in his plans, as during his confinement to his bed he resolved to devote himself to law and politics. He was graduated as Bachelor of Arts at the age of eighteen, and in the competition among the five lycées of Toulouse he won the first prize for French dissertation. He then went to Paris, and took up his lodgings in the famous Latin Quarter, in order to pursue his legal studies. There he became popular with his fellow-students, and spent his evenings at the cafés, drinking, smoking, playing cards, but, above all, arguing and disputing on topics of law, government and society, always as an ardent Republican. His harangues brought him under police surveillance, and he had escaped arrest. In 1859 he was admitted to the Bar with honors, and entered the law office of M. Crémieux. In 1862 his first brief was given him, when he acted as Crémieux's assistant in the defense of Greppo, who was prosecuted for conspiracy against the Emperor, and spoke so ably that the Public Prosecutor privately congratulated him. He threw himself earnestly into the electoral contest of 1863, when Paris chose all its nine members from the Opposition, and thus struck the first note of the Empire's death-knell.

It was in 1868 that the young lawyer leaped into national fame by his connection with the famous *affaire Baudin*. When the Empire prosecuted the journals whose editors had opened subscription lists for funds for a monument to Baudin, the victim of the Third Napoleon's coup d'état, Gambetta was engaged to defend the *Reveil*, and in a little Paris police court he delivered an attack upon the Empire, which for beauty, vivacity, powerful invective and bitter denunciation, is almost without a parallel in the French language. The Government, fearful, padlocked the telegraphs, but despite all precautions the speech was within a week circulated into the remotest departments, and a murmur arose throughout France that meant death to the Napoleonic dynasty. Next Spring Gambetta went to Toulouse to defend another Republican journal, the *Emancipation*. There he spoke still more freely, and still more openly declared war against the Empire. Not long after he stood for the Legislature as the candidate of the artisans of Belleville and of the excitable republicans of Marseilles, and after a terrible campaign, always presenting himself as an "irreconcilable opposit'onist" he won, polling 35,417 votes in Belleville and 42,865 in Marseilles.

Gambetta entered the Corps Legislatif the central figure of a group of men sworn never to accept the Empire nor to forgive the Emperor for the treason of the coup d'état. He made little effort to prevent the declaration of war against Prussia in 1870, and was surprised when he found the Empire was powerless to protect the country, but he turned at once to do all he could to save his native land. When the dynasty fell, Gambetta was proclaimed one of the prominent members of the Government of National Defense, being made Minister of the Interior in Paris. He wished, however, to be in the thick of the fray, and on October 7th left Paris in a balloon, reaching Tours after many adventures. There he was invested with the portfolios of the Ministers of War and the Interior, and he at once entered upon an astonishing career. He negotiated loans, named generals, raised armies and quelled dissensions, and his voice was heard everywhere in the southern provinces, never sounding a retreat but always in- viding advance. He denounced all efforts looking to

peace, and continued his struggles in the provinces until informed of the armistice concluded by the Government in Paris.

When the National Assembly, in February, 1871, was summoned to Bordeaux, Gambetta found himself the chosen Deputy for ten Departments, and entered the Assembly as the representative of the Lower Rhine. He fought desperately against the conclusion of peace with Prussia, and when, at last, his counsels were rejected, and the Assembly voted to give Alsace and Lorraine to the victorious invaders, he haughtily withdrew from the hall, followed by his colleagues from the ceded provinces. He would not even remain in France, but retired to St. Sebastian, Spain, where he rested and raged in quiet against the Germans and his own faint-hearted countrymen. The new elections of July, 1871, however, summoned him back to France, and since then he has been one of the most prominent leaders of the Republican Party.

The bitter foe of Bonapartism, Gambetta sharply criticized President MacMahon's reactionary tendencies, and for a speech at Lille, in September, 1877, he was arrested, indicted, tried at a half secret tribunal, convicted, and sentenced to three months imprisonment and a fine of 2,000 francs, on the charge of insulting the President of the Republic. Gambetta's best qualities as a leader were evinced in the memorable struggle which followed Marshal MacMahon's civil coup d'état in 1877. The Premier and Ministry, who were in perfect accord with the Republican majority in the Lower Chamber, were dismissed by the blunt soldier, and a Reactionary Ministry, in which the Duc de Broglie and M. de Fourton were master-spirits, was appointed.

Gambetta led the opposition, and became the organizing genius of the electoral campaign which followed the dissolution of the Chambers and which ended in a crushing defeat for the Government. He became President of the Chamber of Deputies, and virtual ruler of France, as M. Waddington, M. de Freycinet and M. Ferry were Premiers who could not govern without his consent. In the Autumn of 1881 he was forced to take office, but his Premiership lasted only ten weeks, his downfall being voted by three-fourths of the Chamber on the question of the *scrutin de liste*. Since his retirement he had been unable to regain his political prestige in the Chamber, although the present Ministry is largely composed of his personal followers.

Gambetta was of rather more than ordinary stature, and somewhat inclined to embonpoint. His face wore the rich color of a Southern complexion, and his luxuriant hair fell back in waves from a massive brow. His one remaining eye was bright and expressive, his nose aquiline, his chin prominent and adorned with a pointed beard. He had a superb baritone voice, of great power and flexibility. His action was that of an athlete. He lived in Paris in a plain-looking, but luxuriously furnished, house, and in the country at a most imposing chateau.

The death of M. Gambetta created a profound sensation throughout France. In Paris the excitement was especially great. The newspapers of all the other capitals in Europe paid tribute to the deceased statesman, whom almost all recognized as the greatest factor in French affairs. The Berlin press considered his death as a guarantee of European peace, inasmuch as he was the great advocate of a war of revenge. The news was announced to the Emperor William before the New Year's reception of the generals and Ministers. The Emperor expressed the opinion that peace would be the lot of Germany for a long time to come.

The dead statesman was given a state funeral. The coffin containing his remains lay in the ballroom of the Palais Bourbon for some time before the ceremony, and was covered with wreaths, Madame Grévy placing the first upon it. The funeral was postponed for several days to enable the deputations from Alsace-Lorraine and distant Departments to attend, and occurred on Saturday, January 6th.

Four speeches were delivered in the name of the French Government, the Chamber of Deputies, the Bar and the Government of the National Defense. President Grévy and a host of other high officials were present, and it is estimated that a quarter of a million people turned out to pay their tribute to the dead. The funeral was the greatest that has occurred in Paris since the body of the First Napoleon was taken to the Invalides. The interment was in the Cemetery of Pere-Lachaise.

NIGHT SCENES IN CINCINNATI.

THE public library of Cincinnati ranks as one of the most popular institutions of that city. It contains 150,000 volumes, of which about 15,000 are pamphlets. During the year ending in July last, 215,705 volumes were delivered for home use, and 131,759 for reference, while 325,973 periodicals were in use. During the year the library was closed entirely on only thirteen days. Its evening patrons are numerous, especially in the periodical department. Our illustration depicts the scene in this department as seen by our artist on a recent night visit.

Another of Cincinnati's "institutions"—the "variety" entertainment—is much less attractive, but scarcely less popular, with a certain class, than its public library. The city abounds with shows of this sort, and there can be no doubt that their influence is most demoralizing, especially upon the young. The influence of the large foreign element of the city's population seems to have paralyzed the hand of authority, and for the most part these disreputable places are wholly un-molested, no attempt being made to enforce the law against their violations of decency and their appeals to passion. In this respect, Cincinnati is not, perhaps, exceptional, but the friends of law and order throughout the State none the less lament the indifference of its authorities to the preservation of the public morals.

VIRGINIA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

DRIVING out a hundred years ago was a pleasure with a background of fatigue, if not of peril. The roads were particularly "up and down," the distances considerable, and the only mode of conveyance—horseback. Everybody rode in those good old days, till "horse and man" were as one. Our illustration represents a party setting out for the purpose of partaking of the hospitality of a neighbor, some ten or fifteen miles away. They have just emerged from the court of the comfortable old mansion, and the gentlemen are engaged in testing girths ere venturing to mount. From the care which the handsome young cavalier is bestowing upon the saddle-girth of the winsome girl whose patch is on the edge of a bewitching dimple, it is not improbable that they will ride side by side, leaving the other two to follow, the elder of whom is engaged in deciphering the written directions of the prospective host, in regard to snow-drifts, etc., by the light of the stable-boy's lantern. What a bracing ride they will have, and with what appetites will they not arrive at the snowed-up manor!

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Floods in the River Rhine.

The Rhine proved obstreperous in the years 1784, 1824 and 1845. But its waters never rose so high as during the recent and appalling floods. It was an alarming sound to the good burghers of Mayence, when the storm-bell rang out from the great towers of the Cathedral, announcing to all whom it might concern that the River Rhine was rising in abnormal haste. The city government took instant measures to secure all the avail-

able boats, while golden harvests were reaped by the sons of St. Luke in tinkering up crazy old skiffs of the most dilapidated nature. In the streets, especially those surrounding the grand old Cathedral, the water was two and three feet deep, and strange sights were witnessed in the impromptu ferries, from the military orderly bearing dispatches, perhaps of life and death, to the thrifty housewife on her way to victual the home fortress through the medium of the water beleaguered markets. The Rhine at Cologne rose with a rapidity that was as fearful as it was unexpected. The Zoological Gardens, in which are confined a magnificent collection of animals, were immediately under water, as it lies low, and the howls and cries of the terrified beasts and birds added to the terrors of the flood. The gigantic elephant, after waiting in patience until the water rose to his stomach, resolved upon action, and in a trice he commenced tearing his house literally to pieces, commencing with the wooden beams supporting the roof. Ere the keeper, Franz, could make arrangements to liberate him, the enormous brute had liberated himself, and with a trumpet-note of defiance and triumph, plunged through the waters till he reached an eminence, on which he remained until removed on a high wagon to a place of safety.

The City of London School.

The new building for the City of London School, recently formally opened by the Prince of Wales, occupies a commanding position on the Thames Embankment. The school, which has been hitherto situated in Cheapside, is under the government of the Corporation of London, since its original endowment was derived from estates left in 1442 by John Carpenter, Town Clerk of the City. It is a day school only, for 680 boys. The new building, which cost \$500,000, is built of Portland stone, and the facade is effectively ornamented with sculpture and richly carved work. The style of the building is French Renaissance of the latter part of the reign of Francis I. At right angles to the main building is a long wing, forming the side of a new street. The class-rooms, dining-rooms, theatre, and lodgings for attendants, are situated in this long wing. One very remarkable feature of the building is the fact that the structure is raised up upon a basement consisting of open arches, and forming probably the finest covered playground ever constructed. In addition to this covered playground, a vast space to the rear of the building is laid down with concrete, as an ordinary playground, and is furnished with racquet courts. The Great Hall is a magnificent apartment, lighted by large windows on three of its sides. A wide corridor runs from the hall to the class rooms and lecture theatre, which is excellently arranged. There is a very extensive laboratory with every necessary arrangement for scientific experiments, and on the ground floor is a large dining-room with kitchens, etc.

Snow-storms in Spain.

The Madrileños, as the inhabitants of Madrid are conventionally styled, have been bewildered at the very unexpected visit of a snow storm. Not only has it been a storm, but a storm of very considerable magnitude. This, coming after the frosts, has served to render the position of weather prophet in the land of the Old one of considerable unpleasantness. At first, the worthy Dons could scarcely believe the eyes as heavy flakes came down in a steadiness that meant business. On the Puerta del Sol knots of people congregated, and asked if the end of the world was at hand. Street traffic became suspended, as runners are not understood, and the Spanish small-boy for the nonce divided his time between snowballing and shoveling the beautiful snow from the lumbered and slippery sidewalks. The cold, too, was intense, and for three days, the 10th to the 13th of December, Madrid was carpeted in the seamless white shroud.

The Trial of Arabi.

While the sentence of death pronounced on Arabi Pasha has not been enforced, his trial, which took place on December 3d, had a certain historic interest, and we therefore illustrate the scene. The President began the proceedings of the Court by reading the charge of rebellion, and asking Arabi whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty. In reply, Mr. Broderick arose and tendered a written plea to the judge as follows: "Of my own free will, and by the advice of my counsel, I plead guilty to the charges now read over to me." The Court then retired to consider its decision, and submit it for approval to the Khédive. Upon the reassembling of the Court, Arabi remaining standing in the dock, the Clerk of the Court pronounced the sentence—that of death for "the crime of rebellion against His Highness the Khédive." Immediately this had been read the President presented a decree of the Khédive commuting the death sentence "to perpetual exile from Egypt and its dependencies. This pardon will be of no effect, and the said Ahmed Arabi will be liable to the penalty of death, if he enters Egypt or its dependencies." The Court then rose, and Arabi saluted, and was conducted to his cell. Thus the actual proceedings of the great trial, which had been looked forward to as likely to bring forth some of the most curious revelations in modern Oriental history, took practically less than an hour.

Night Refuge at Nijni-Novgorod.

The largest fair in the world is held annually, for eight weeks from the first of July, at Nijni-Novgorod, a city of 45,000 population, some 265 miles from Moscow, Russia. The fair is regularly laid out, and the value of the merchandise disposed of amounts in some years to \$100,000,000. The population of the city often reaches, during the continuance of these fairs, from 200,000 to 300,000, collected from all parts of Europe and Asia; and there being no adequate inn or hotel accommodations, special provision is made for the care of the multitude. Our illustration shows a night refuge erected by Count Ignatieff, for the shelter of visitors at the last annual fair.

The Island of Madagascar.

Madagascar, which has recently been brought into prominence by the difficulties with the French Government, is one of the largest islands of the world, having an area equal to that of France, and is rich in both vegetable and mineral resources. The population is composed of representatives of two races—one of negro and the other of Malay extraction. The ruling people of the island are a tribe called the Hovas, who have subdued and made tributary the inhabitants of other provinces. Through missionary efforts, the Malagasy have adopted Christian and civilized usages, and the barbarous practices which once prevailed have been generally abandoned. For years the French have had settlements on the Madagascar coast. Recently difficulties arose between the natives and the French creoles living in these settlements, and the Malagasy Government sent an Embassy to France for the purpose of arranging more definitely the terms of a treaty made in 1865 between France and the Queen of Madagascar. Unfortunately for the Envoy, they found the French not only entirely indifferent as to these specific grievances, but animated by a strong desire to secure possession of Madagascar as they had of Tunis. They made exorbitant demands of the Embassy, and these being rejected, the Ambassadors were peremptorily ordered to leave Paris, which they did, going to London, where they were cordially received. What will be the outcome of the French policy of aggression is yet to be seen, but it is quite certain that the sympathy of right-thinking people will be with the Malagasy. Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, has a population of over 75,000, and is a city of many attractions, having fine public buildings, churches, etc. The great mass of the city population are now Christians.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Khédive of Egypt has published a decree granting amnesty to all political offenders not already dealt with.

—ADVICES from Panama say that a crisis is impending in the Colombian States, and that a revolution is believed to be inevitable.

—TWENTY-ONE pilgrims have died of cholera between Mecca and Medina. There are ten deaths a day from the disease at Medina.

—SAN FRANCISCO was visited by a severe snow-storm on the 1st instant, and a number of sleighs, the first ever seen in the city, appeared on the streets.

—THE Egyptian Ministry will accept General Sir Evelyn Wood's army scheme, which provides for a force of 8,000 troops, with twenty-five English officers.

—A PHILADELPHIA judge has decided that persons who do not believe in a Divine Being and Divine rewards and punishments are incompetent as witnesses in the court.

—THE report of the Mississippi Commission estimates the salaries and expenses of the commission for the next fiscal year at \$200,000, the estimate for works being \$4,573,000.

—IT is announced that the negotiations between Germany and the Vatican have been resumed on bases which afford a prospect of a complete settlement of the differences between them.

—PREPARATIONS are being made for a vigorous contest in the Wisconsin Legislature over the Prohibition Amendment. It is reported that the liquor-dealers have a powerful lobby established.

—REPORTS from the pineries in the various parts of Wisconsin are extremely unfavorable. There is ample snow, but the roads are in a bad condition, and the loggers are behind in their contracts.

—DR. J. MORRISON, of the Nautical Almanac office, has computed elliptic elements of the great comet from corrected observations made at the Naval Observatory. He finds the comet's period to be 622½ years.

—THE Chinese Government is exasperated at the action of France respecting Tonquin. The belief is growing that armed resistance will be made to further French invasions. The Chinese declarations are unusually defiant.

—IT is announced that the Boers have decided to send a deputation to England to request the Government to revise the Transvaal Convention. The Earl of Kimberley is reported to have told them in advance that no such request would be listened to.

—ADVICES from Cape Town state that within two months 9,000 people there have been afflicted with smallpox and 2,400 people have died. All efforts to suppress the disease have proved unavailing, which is largely due to the objection of the negroes to vaccination.

—THE Naval Advisory Board appointed to report upon the unfinished iron-clad steamers *Monadnock*, *Puritan*, *Amphitrite* and *Terror*, recommends that the vessels be completed at once. Secretary Chandler indorses the report and recommends that an appropriation be made for the work.

—GOVERNOR ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS of Georgia pardoned twenty convicts on Christmas. The statement is made that since his accession to office he has turned twelve convicted murderers loose upon society, and commuted the sentences of two others from death to imprisonment.

—GENERAL RANDALL L. GIBSON, representing the Tulane Educational Fund, has purchased the Mechanics' Institute Building, in New Orleans, and transferred it to the Louisiana State University. The building is an imposing structure, and cost over \$100,000. It was used by the Constitutional Convention and the Legislature in reconstruction days.

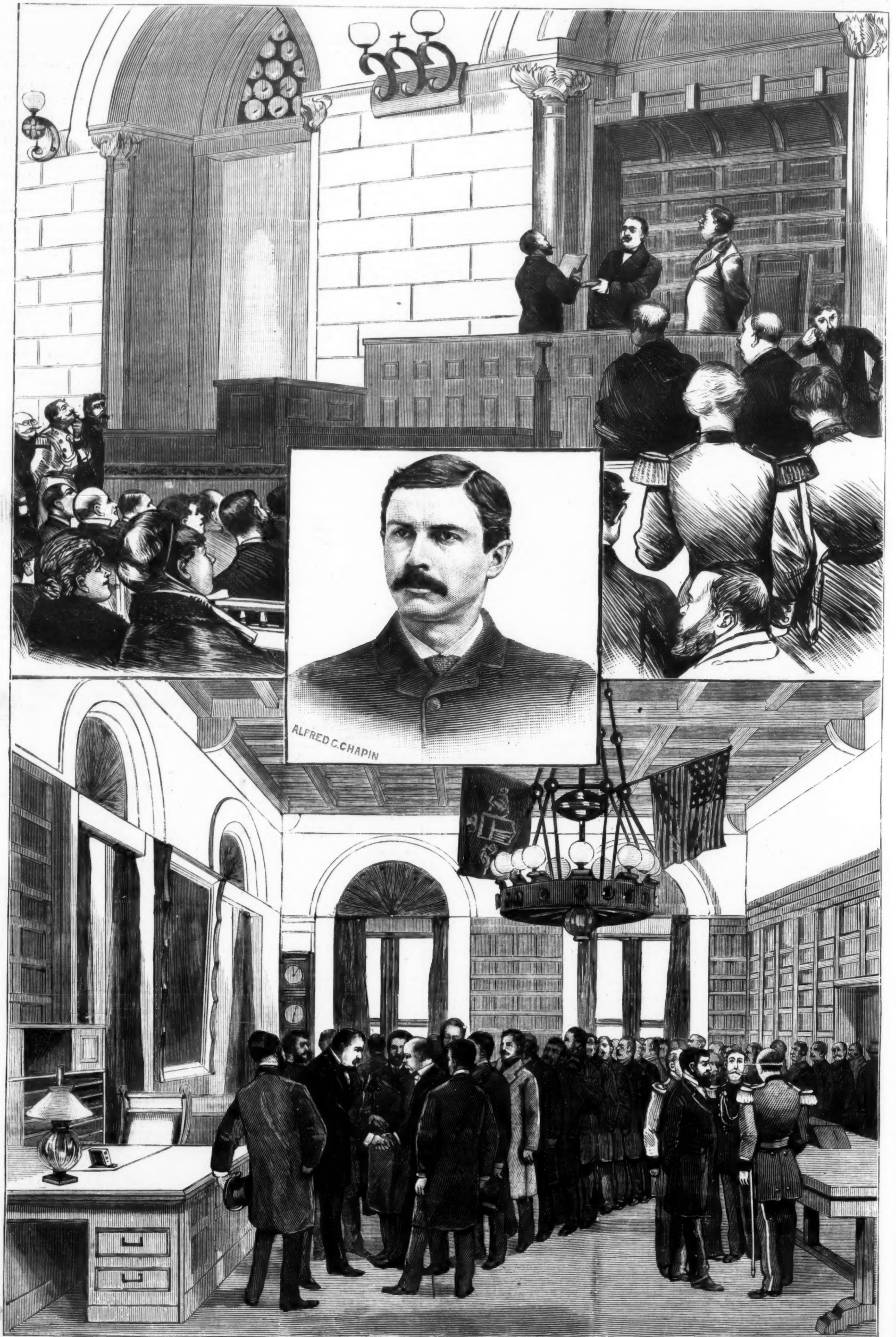
—THE Connecticut Legislature has passed a Bill validating all ballots returned as cast at the late election for any officers, and also resolutions declaring the Democratic State officers elected. Hon. W. H. Bulkley, Republican candidate for Governor at the late election, had announced that he would not accept the office, even if the "black ballots" should be judicially declared to be illegal.

—THE British Admiralty Office has received information that one of the principal culprits, out of twenty-one Bedouins implicated in the murder of Professor Palmer's party, have been captured, together with the wives and other relatives of the remaining important criminals, who will be held as hostages. The actual murderers of Professor Palmer and Captain Gill are among the prisoners. Sufficient evidence has been collected for the trial of the accused.

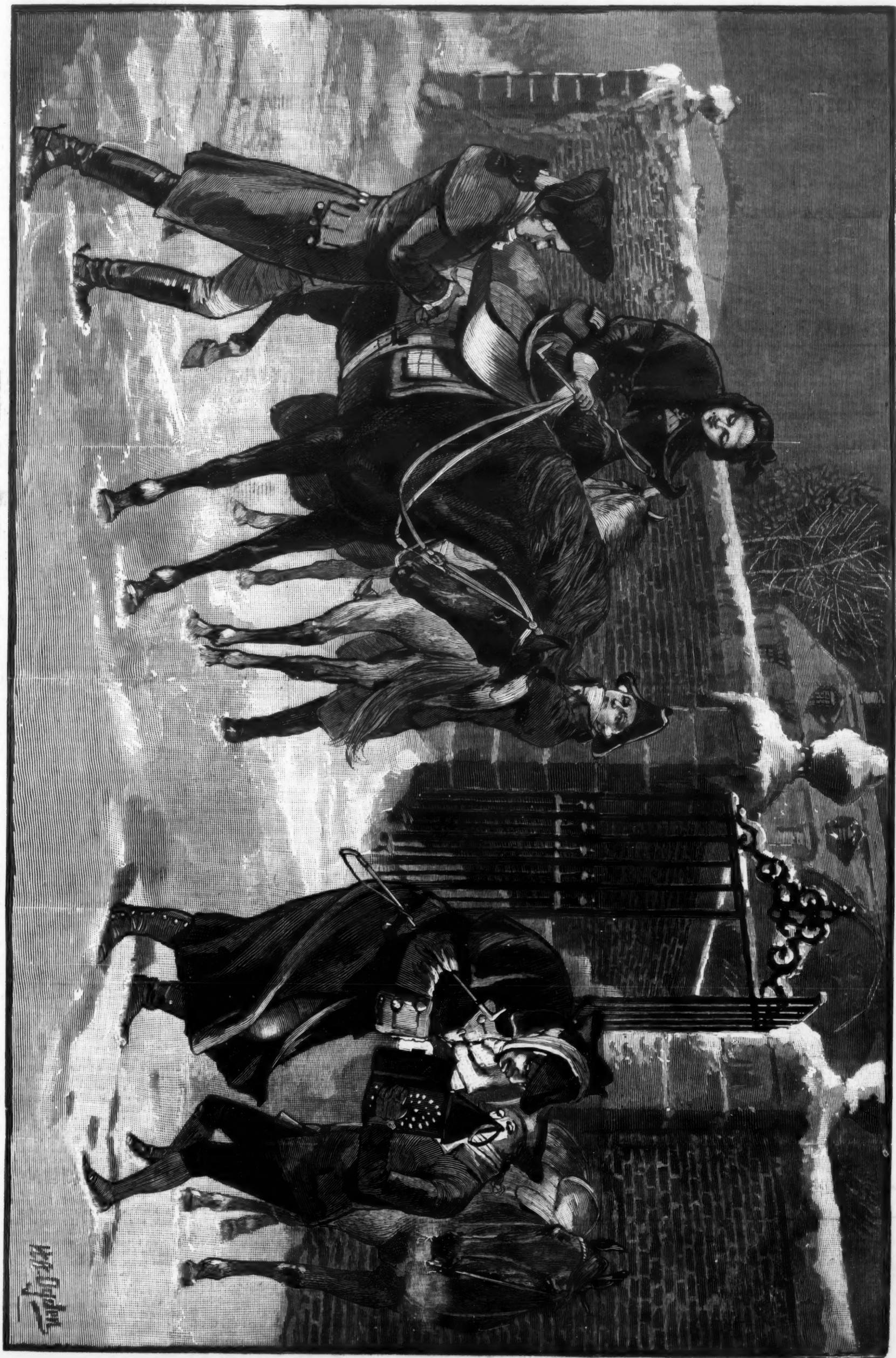
—THE United States Minister to Chili is still earnestly laboring to bring about peace between that country and Peru. He has written a letter to Vice-President Montenegro of Peru, urging him to accept the terms offered by Chili, which are as follows: First, absolute cessation of Tarapaca as a war indemnity, Chili to pay all the debts of the province, legitimately following it under the provisions of international law, although she refuses to make any particular stipulation to that effect in the treaty, as, being already committed to it by various public declarations, she does not deem it necessary; second, the acquisition of Tacna and Arica by purchase for the sum of \$10,000,000, to be paid in three equal annual installments.

Death-roll of the Week.

JANUARY 1ST.—In New York city, John A. Baush, a customs officer of this port for over forty years, aged 67; at Riverdale, N. Y., Martin Bates, an old and respected merchant of New York city, aged 68; at Little Falls, N. Y., James H. Weatherwax, State Assessor, aged 54; at Meriden, Ct., Rev. S. H. Deason, for thirty-three years rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church; at Elizabeth, N. J., George Webb, a prominent abolitionist, aged 82; at Philadelphia, Pa., William Baldwin, Chief Commissioner of Highways; at Washington, D. C., Elisha H. Allen, Hawaiian Minister and formerly member of Congress; at London, England, Francis Wemyss Charteris Douglas, eighth Earl of Wemyss and March, aged 86. JANUARY 2d.—In New York city, Edward J. Hale, a well-known book publisher, aged 80; at Philadelphia, Pa., Charles Porterfield Krauth, D.D., LL.D., Vice-Provost of the University of Pennsylvania and Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, aged 59. JANUARY 3d.—At Cortlandt, N. Y., William H. Shankland, formerly Judge of the Supreme Court, aged 78; at Benicordia, Mexico, Major Francis Degress, of the firm of Wexel & Degress, the largest firm of merchants and Government contractors in the republic, aged 42. JANUARY 4th.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., E. D. Carpenter, a well-known grain broker, aged 52; at Charleston, S. C., William D. Porter, a prominent citizen, aged 72; at Philadelphia, Pa., John E. Addicks, Health Officer, aged 79. JANUARY 5th.—At Philadelphia, Pa., Edward D. Weld, a prominent iron manufacturer; at Chicago, Ill., Charles Gosage, a leading dry-goods merchant; at Chalons, France, General Antoine Eugene Alfred Chanzy, a famous French general, aged 80; at Constantinople, Turkey, Frederick Maitland Sartoris, Under Secretary of the British Embassy.



GOVERNOR CLEVELAND RECEIVING HIS FRIENDS IN THE EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, NEW CAPITOL BUILDING.
 NEW YORK.—INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR GROVER CLEVELAND IN THE SENATE CHAMBER, AT ALBANY, JAN. 1st.
 TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 347.



VIRGINIA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO—THE START FOR A DINNER PARTY.—SEE PAGE 343.

O LOVE, COME BACK!

O LOVE, come back!—why did I let you go?
How heavy move life's pulses, dim and slow,
For empty day, and night of sleepless pain,
Bereft of flow'rs' perfume and song's refrain!
What heart can fathom violets under snow?
O but to feel again the passionate glow
That warms, like wine, the wan veins' ebbing flow!
To breathe life into passion by time slain—
O Love, come back!

To know the purple splendor of Love's woo,
And not Regret's sharp sting, Scorn's aullen blow,
To dwell on dazzling heights no sin can stain
Above the little earth's deriding fane,
Away from bitter friend and tender foe—
O Love, come back!

HEART AND SCIENCE:

A STORY OF THE PRESENT TIME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

CHAPTER I.

IN eight days from the date of his second interview with Mrs. Gallilee, Mr. Le Frank took possession of his new bedroom.

He had arranged to report his first proceedings to Mrs. Gallilee in writing. Personal communication with her (if it was accidentally discovered) might, as he feared, arouse Teresa's suspicions—for this sufficient reason, that she knew him by sight. They had met more than once, at the time of Carmina's arrival in England, when the nurse was in the house.

He employed the next day in collecting materials for his first report. In the evening he wrote to Mrs. Gallilee—under cover to a friend, who was instructed to forward the letter.

"Private and confidential. Dear Madam—I have not wasted my time and my opportunities, as you will presently see.

"My bedroom is immediately above the floor of the house which is occupied by Miss Carmina and her nurse. Having some little matters of my own to settle, I was late in taking possession of my room. Before the lights on the staircase were put out, I took the liberty of looking down at the next landing. It was on my conscience not to go to bed until I had at least attempted to make some first discoveries.

"Do you remember, when you were a child learning to write, that one of the lines in your copy-book was 'Virtue is its own reward'? This ridiculous assertion was actually verified in my case! Before I had been five minutes at my post I saw the nurse open the door. She looked up the staircase (without discovering me, it is needless to say), and she looked down the staircase—and, seeing nobody about, returned to her room.

"Waiting till I heard her lock the door, I stole down-stairs and listened outside.

"One of my two fellow-lodgers (you know that I don't believe in Miss Carmina's illness) was lighting a fire—on such a warm Autumn night that the staircase window was left open! I am absolutely sure of what I say; I heard the crackle of burning wood—I smelt coal smoke. The motive of this secret proceeding it seems impossible to guess at. If they were burning documents of a dangerous and compromising kind, a candle would have answered their purpose. If they wanted hot water, surely a tin kettle and a spirit-lamp must have been at hand in an invalid's bedroom. Perhaps your superior penetration may be able to read the riddle which baffles my ingenuity.

"So much for the first night.

"This afternoon I had some talk with my landlady. My professional avocations having trained me in the art of making myself agreeable to the fair sex, I may say without vanity that I produced a highly favorable impression. The young lady's illness had been already mentioned to me (as an apology for asking if my habits were quiet) when I presented myself as a lodger. It was only natural that a kind-hearted stranger, like myself, should ask how she was going on, and whether she had a devoted mother to take care of her. This was enough to set the landlady talking.

"Out of the flow of words poured on me, one fact of very serious importance has risen to the surface.

"Only yesterday my landlady discovered her foreign lodger in the act of hiding something in the sitting-room cupboard. At the first favorable opportunity she looked in, and found a small canister on the shelf—bearing a label on it written in a language unknown to her. Opening the canister, she saw a white powder inside, and ventured to taste it. It produced such a nasty burning sensation that she spat it out again. The powder, as she supposes, is some strong medicine intended to be taken in water. But why the nurse should have been in a hurry to hide the canister is more than she can say.

"I might have been no wiser than the landlady, but for a circumstance which I now beg leave to remind you.

"During the week of delay which elapsed, before the lodger in possession vacated my room, you kindly admitted me to an interview. My conviction that the Italian woman is capable, if you drive her to extremities, of attempting to poison you, formed the principal subject of our conversation. Among other things, I said that Teresa's antecedents might, quite possibly, justify my opinion; and I ventured to put some questions relating to her life in Italy and to the persons with whom she associated. Do you remember telling me, when I asked what you knew of her husband, that he was foreman in a manufactory of artists' colors? and that you had your information from Miss Carmina herself, after

she had shown you the telegram announcing his death?

"A lady, possessed of your scientific knowledge, does not require to be told that poisons are employed in the manufacture of artists' colors. Remember what the priest's letter says of Teresa's feeling towards you and then say—Is it so very unlikely that she has brought with her to England one of the poisons used by her husband in his trade? and is it quite unreasonable to suppose that she might have been thinking of you, when she concealed the canister from the landlady's notice?

"On the other hand, it is equally possible (I pride myself on seeing both sides of a question) that the white powder may be quinine instead of arsenic. I intend to settle that question by personal investigation. The landlady has a grievance against a former lodger who damaged her furniture. In alluding to the cupboard she mentioned as a part of this grievance, that the lock was out of order. My next report shall tell you that I have contrived to provide myself with a small sample of the white powder—leaving the canister undisturbed. The sample shall be tested by a chemist. If he pronounces it to be poison, I have a bold course of action to propose.

"As soon as you are well enough to go to the house, give the nurse her chance of poisoning you.

"Pray, dear madam, don't be alarmed! I will accompany you, and I answer for the result. We will pay our visit at tea-time. Let her offer you a cup—and let me (under pretense of handing it) get possession of the poisoned drink. Before she can cry Stop! I shall be on my way to a chemist. The penalty for attempted murder is penal servitude. If you still object to a public exposure, we have the chemist's report, together with our own evidence, ready for your son on his return. How will he feel about his marriage engagement, when he finds that Miss Carmina's dearest friend and companion has tried—perhaps, with her young lady's knowledge—to poison his mother?

"Before concluding my report, I may mention that I had a narrow escape, only two hours since, of being seen by Teresa on the stairs. I was, of course, prepared for this sort of meeting, when I engaged my room; and I have, therefore, not been foolish enough to enter the house under an assumed name. On the contrary, I propose (in your interests) to establish a neighborly acquaintance—with time to help me. But the matter of the poison admits of no delay. My chance of getting at the cupboard unobserved may be seriously compromised (if you knew how suspicious foreigners are) if the nurse is on her guard. The sight of me may, in the mind of such a woman, have that effect. To-night or to-morrow, I must find my way to the canister. Your devoted servant,
L. F."

Having completed his letter, he rang for the servant, and gave it to her to post.

On her way down-stairs, she was stopped on the next landing by Mr. Null. He, too, had a letter ready, addressed to Doctor Penjulia. The fierce old nurse followed him out, and said: "Post it instantly!" The civil servant asked if Miss Carmina was better. "Worse!" was all the rude foreigner said. She looked at poor Mr. Null as if it was his fault.

Left in the retirement of his room, Mr. Le Frank sat at the writing-table, frowning and biting his nails.

Were these evidences of a troubled mind connected with the infamous proposal which he had addressed to Mrs. Gallilee? Nothing of the sort! Having done with his report, he was now at leisure to let his personal anxieties absorb him without restraint. He was thinking of Carmina.

In offering his services to Mrs. Gallilee, the foremost among the motives that animated him was a sense of bitter disappointment. He had failed to find the smallest confirmation of his own private suspicions in searching Carmina's room. He had now followed her to Teresa's lodgings, with his own interest, as well as Mrs. Gallilee's interests, in view—resolute as ever to discover the secret of Carmina's behavior to him. For the hundredth time he said to himself: "Her devilish malice reviles me behind my back, and asks me before my face to shake hands and be friends." The more outrageously unreasonable his suspicions became, under the exasperating influence of suspense, the more inveterately his mean and vindictive nature held to its delusion. After his meeting with her in the hall, he really believed Carmina's illness to have been assumed as a means of keeping out of his way. As for Teresa, he seriously distrusted her, as her young mistress's accomplice. He was even prepared to discover that the unfavorable reception, accorded by the music-sellers to his song, was due to the intriguing influence of the two women. If a friend had said to him, "But what reason have you to think so?"—he would have smiled compassionately, and have given that friend up for a shallow-minded man.

He stole out again, and listened, undetected, at their door. Carmina was speaking; but the words, in those faint tones, were inaudible. Teresa's stronger voice easily reached his ears. "My darling, talking is not good for you. I'll light the night-lamp—try to sleep."

Hearing this, he went back to his bedroom to wait a little. Teresa's vigilance might relax if Carmina fell asleep. She might go down-stairs for a gossip with the landlady. After smoking a cigar, he tried again. The lights on the staircase were now put out: it was eleven o'clock.

She was not asleep: the nurse was reading to her from some devotional book. He gave it up, for that night. His head ached: the ferment of his own abominable thoughts had fevered him. A cowardly dread of the slightest signs of illness was one of his special weaknesses. The whole day, to-morrow, was before him. He felt his own pulse; and determined, in justice to himself, to go to bed.

Ten minutes later, the landlady, on her way to bed, ascended the stairs. She, too, heard the voice, still reading aloud—and tapped softly at the door. Teresa opened it.

"Is the poor thing not asleep yet?"

"No."

"Has she been disturbed in any way?"

"Somebody has been walking about, overhead," Teresa answered.

"That's the new lodger!" exclaimed the landlady. "I'll speak to Mr. Le Frank."

On the point of closing the door, and saying good-night, Teresa stopped, and considered for a moment.

"Is he your new lodger?" she said.

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I saw him when I was last in England."

"Well?"

"Nothing more," Teresa answered. "Good-night."

CHAPTER II.

WATCHING through the night by Carmina's bedside, Teresa found herself thinking of Mr. Le Frank. It was one way of getting through the weary time, to guess at the motive which had led him to become a lodger in the house.

Ordinary probabilities pointed to the inference that he might have reasons for changing his residence which only concerned himself. In that case, a common coincidence would account for his having become Teresa's fellow-lodger. She would have found little difficulty in adopting this view, but for certain recollections which made her hesitate. She had first met Mr. Le Frank at Mrs. Gallilee's house, and she had been so disagreeably impressed by his personal appearance that she had even told Carmina "the music-master looked like a rogue." With her former prejudice against him now revived, and with her serious present reasons for distrusting Mrs. Gallilee, she rejected the idea of his accidental presence under her landlady's roof. Other women, in her position and animated by her feeling of distrust, might have asked themselves if he had a purpose of his own or a purpose of Mrs. Gallilee's to serve. Teresa's vehement and impulsive nature, incapable of deliberately considering such questions as these, rushed blindfold to the right conclusion—that the music-master was employed as Mrs. Gallilee's spy. While Mr. Le Frank was warily laying his plans for the next day, he had himself become an object of suspicion to the very woman whose secrets he was plotting to surprise.

This was the longest and saddest night which the faithful old nurse had passed at her darling's bedside.

For the first time, Carmina was fretful and hard to please; patient persuasion was needed to induce her to take her medicine. Even when she was thirsty she had an irritable objection to being disturbed if the lemonade was offered to her which she had relished at other times. Once or twice, when she drowsily stirred in her bed, she showed symptoms of delusion. The poor girl supposed it was the eve of her wedding-day, and eagerly asked what Teresa had done with her new dress. A little later, when she had perhaps been dreaming, she fancied that her mother was still alive, and repeated the long-forgotten talk of her childhood. "What have I said to distress you?" she asked, wonderingly, when she found Teresa crying.

Soon after sunrise there came a long interval of repose. At the latter time when Benjulia arrived she was quiet and uncomplaining. The unfavorable symptoms which had induced Teresa to insist on sending for him were all perversely absent. Mr. Null expected to be roughly rebuked for having disturbed the great man by a false alarm. He attempted to explain; and Teresa attempted to explain. Benjulia paid not the slightest attention to either of them. He made no angry remarks—and he showed, in his own impenetrable way, as gratifying an interest in the case as ever.

"Draw up the blind," he said; "I want to have a good look at her."

Mr. Null waited respectfully, and imposed strict silence on Teresa, while the investigation was going on. It lasted so long that he ventured to say, "Do you see anything particular, sir?"

Benjulia saw his doubts cleared up; time (as he had anticipated) had brought development with it, and had enabled him to arrive at a conclusion. The shock that had struck Carmina had produced complicated hysterical disturbance, which was now beginning to simulate paralysis. Benjulia's profound and practiced observation detected a slightly unequal action on either side of the face—delicately presented in the eyelids, the nostrils, and the lips. Here was no common affection of the brain, which even Mr. Null could understand! Here, at last, was Benjulia's reward for sacrificing the precious hours which might otherwise have been employed in the laboratory! From that day Carmina was destined to receive unknown honor; she was to take her place, along with the other animals, in his note-book of experiments.

He turned quietly to Mr. Null and finished the consultation in two words:

"All right!"

"Have you nothing to suggest, sir?" Mr. Null inquired.

"Go on with the treatment—and draw down the blind, if she complains of the light. Good-day."

"Are you sure he's a great doctor?" said Teresa, when the door had closed on him.

"The greatest we have!" cried Mr. Null, with enthusiasm.

"Is he a good man?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I want to know if we can trust him to tell the truth?"

"Not a doubt of it!" (who could doubt it, indeed, after he had approved of Mr. Null's medical treatment?)

"There's one thing you have forgotten,"

Teresa persisted. "You haven't asked him when Carmina can be moved."

"My good woman, if I had put such a question, he would have set me down as a fool! Nobody can say when she will be well enough to be moved."

He took his hat. The nurse followed him out.

"Are you going to Mrs. Gallilee, sir?"

"Not to-day."

"Is she better?"

"She is almost well again."

CHAPTER III.

LEFT by herself, Teresa went into the sitting-room; she was afraid to let Carmina see her. Mr. Null had destroyed the one hope which had supported her thus far—the hope of escaping with Carmina before Mrs. Gallilee could interfere. Looking steadfastly at that inspiring prospect, she had forced herself to sign the humble apology and submission which the lawyers had dictated to her. What was the prospect now? Heavily had the merciless hand of calamity fallen on that brave old soul—and, at last, it had beaten her down! While she stood at the window, mechanically looking out, the dreary view of the back street trembled and disappeared. Teresa was crying.

Happily for herself, she was unable to control her own weakness; the tears lightened her heavy heart. She waited a little in the fear that her eyes might betray her, before she returned to Carmina. In that interval she heard the sound of a closing door on the floor above.

"The music-master!" she said to herself.

In an instant she was at the sitting-room door, looking through the keyhole. It was the one safe way of watching him—and that was enough for Teresa. His figure appeared suddenly within her narrow range of view—on the mat outside the door. If her distrust of him was without foundation, he would go on down stairs. No! He stopped on the mat to listen—he stooped—his eye would have been at the keyhole in another instant. She seized a chair and moved it. The sound instantly drove him away. He went on down the stairs.

Teresa considered with herself what safest means of protection—and, if possible, of punishment as well—lay within her reach. How, and where, could the trap be set that might catch him?

She was still puzzled by that question, when the landlady made her appearance—politely anxious to hear what the doctors thought of their patient. Satisfied so far, the wearisome woman had her apologies to make next, for not having yet cautioned Mr. Le Frank.

"Thinking over it, since last night," she said, confidentially, "I cannot imagine how you heard him walking about overhead. He has such a soft step that he positively takes me by surprise when he comes into my room. He has gone out for an hour, and I have done him a little favor which I am not in the habit of conferring on ordinary lodgers—I have lent him my umbrella, as it threatens rain. In his absence, I will ask you to listen while I walk about in his room. One can't be too particular when rest is of such importance to your young lady—and it has struck me as just possible that the floor of his room may be in fault. My dear, the boards may creak! I am a sad fidget, I know; but, if the carpenter can set things right—without any horrid hammering, of course!—the sooner he is sent for the more relieved I shall feel."

Through this long harangue Teresa had waited, with a patience far from characteristic of her, for an opportunity of saying a timely word. By some tortuous mental process that she was quite unable to trace, the landlady's allusion to Mr. Le Frank had suggested the very idea of which, in her undisturbed solitude, she had been vainly in search. Never before had the mistress of the house appeared to Teresa in such a favorable light.

"You needn't trouble yourself, ma'am," she said, as soon as she could make herself heard; "it was the creaking of the boards that told me somebody was moving overhead."

"Then I'm not a fidget after all? Oh, how you relieve me! Whatever the servants may have to do, one of them shall be sent instantly to the carpenter. So glad to be of any service to that sweet young creature."

Teresa consulted her watch before she returned to the bedroom.

The improvement in Carmina still continued; she was able to take some of the light nourishment that was waiting for her. As Benjulia had anticipated, she asked to have the blind lowered a little. Teresa drew it completely over the window; she had her own reasons for tempting Carmina to repose. In half an hour more the weary girl was sleeping, and the nurse was at liberty to set her trap for Mr. Le Frank.

Her first proceeding was to dip the end of a quill pen into her bottle of salad oil, and to lubricate the lock and key of the door that gave access to the bedroom from the stairs. Having satisfied herself that the key could now be used without making the slightest sound, she turned to the door of communication with the sitting-room next.

This door was covered with green baize. It had handles but no lock; and it swung inwards, so as to allow the door of the cupboard (situated in the angle of the sitting-room wall) to open towards the bedroom freely. Teresa oiled the hinges, and the brass bolt and staple which protected the baize door on the side of the bedroom. That done, she looked again at her watch.

Mr. Le Frank's absence was expected to last for an hour. In five minutes more the hour would expire.

After bolting the door of communication, she paused in the bedroom, and waited a kiss to Carmina, still at rest. She then left the room, by the door which opened on the stairs, and locked it, taking away the key with her.

Having gone down the first flight of stairs,

she stopped and went back. The one in-secured door was the door which led into the sitting room from the staircase. She opened it and left it invitingly ajar. "Now," she said to herself, "I've got him!"

The hall clock struck the hour when she entered the landlady's room.

The woman of many words was at once charmed and annoyed. Charmed to hear that the dear invalid was resting, and to receive a visit from the nurse; annoyed by the absence of the carpenter, at work somewhere else for the whole of the day. "If my dear husband had been alive, we should have been independent of carpenters; he could turn his hand to anything. Now do sit down—I want you to taste some cherry brandy of my own making."

As Teresa took a chair, Mr. Le Frank returned. The two secret adversaries met, face to face.

"Surely I remember this lady?" he said.

Teresa encountered him, on his own ground. She made her best courtesy, and reminded him of the circumstances under which they had formerly met. The hospitable landlady produced her cherry brandy. "We are going to have a nice little chat; do sit down, sir, and join us." Mr. Le Frank made his apologies. The umbrella which had been so kindly lent to him had not protected his shoes; his feet were wet; and he was so sadly liable to take cold that he must beg permission to put on his dry things immediately. Having bowed himself out, he stopped in the passage, and, standing on tiptoe, peeped through a window in the wall, by which light was conveyed to the landlady's little room. The two women were comfortably seated together, with the cherry brandy and a plate of biscuits on a table between them. "In for a good long gossip," thought Mr. Le Frank. "Now is my time!"

Not five minutes more had passed, before Teresa made an excuse for running up-stairs again. She had forgotten to leave the bell-rope, in case Carmina woke, within reach of her hand. The excellent heart of the hostess made allowance for natural anxiety. "Do it, you good soul," she said; "and come back directly!" Left by herself she filled her glass again, and smiled. Sweetness of temper (encouraged by cherry brandy) can even smile at a glass—unless it happens to be empty.

Approaching her own rooms, Teresa waited, and listened, before she showed herself. No sound reached her through the half-open sitting-room door. She noiselessly entered the bedroom, and then locked the door again. Once more she listened; and once more there was nothing to be heard. Had he seen her?

As the doubt crossed her mind, she heard the boards creak on the floor above. Mr. Le Frank was in his room.

Did this mean that her well-laid plan had failed? Or did it mean that he was really changing his shoes and stockings? The last inference was the right one.

Le Frank had made no mere excuse down-stairs. The serious interests that he had at stake were not important enough to make him forget his precious health. His chest was delicate; a cold might settle on his lungs. The temptation of the half-open door had its due effect on Mr. Le Frank; but it failed to make him forget that his feet were wet.

The boards creaked again; the door of his room was softly closed—then there was silence. Teresa only knew when he had entered the sitting-room, by hearing him try the bolted baize door. After that, he must have stepped out again. He next tried the door of the bedroom, from the stairs.

There was a quiet interval once more. Teresa noiselessly drew back the bolt; and, opening the door by a mere hairsbreadth, admitted sound from the sitting-room. She heard him turn the key in a cheffonier, which only contained tradesmen's circulars, receipted bills, and a few books.

(Even with the cupboard before him, waiting to be searched, his uppermost idea was to find in Carmina's papers, the proof of Carmina's intrigues!)

The contents of the cheffonier disappointed him—judging by the tone in which he muttered to himself. The next sound startled Teresa; it was a tap against the lintel of the door behind which she was standing. He had thrown open the cupboard.

The rasping of the cover, as he took it off, told her that he had begun by examining the canister. She had put it back in the cupboard, a harmless thing now—the poison and the label having been both destroyed by fire. Nevertheless, his choosing the canister, from dozens of other things scattered on the shelf, inspired her with a feeling of distrustful surprise. She was no longer content to find out what he was doing by means of her ears. Determined to see him, and to catch him in the fact, she pulled open the baize door—at the moment when he must have discovered that the canister was empty. A faint thump told her that he had thrown it on the floor.

She had forgotten the cupboard door. Now that it was wide open, it covered the entrance to the bedroom, and completely screened them one from the other. For the moment she was startled, and she hesitated whether to show herself or not. His voice stopped her.

"Perhaps, there's another!" he said to himself. "The dirty old savage may have hidden it—!" "The dirty old savage" was an insult not to be endured! She forgot her intention of stealing on him unobserved; she forgot her resolution to do nothing that could awaken Carmina. Her fierce temper urged her into furious action. With both hands outspread, she flew at the cupboard door, and banged it to in an instant.

A shriek of agony ran through the house. The swiftly closing door had caught and crushed the fingers of Le Frank's right hand at the moment when he was putting it into the cupboard again.

Without stopping to help him, without even looking at him, she ran back to Carmina. The swinging baize door fell to, and closed of itself. No second cry was heard. Nothing happened to falsify her desperate assertion that the shriek was the delusion of a vivid dream. She took Carmina in her arms, and patted and fondled her like a child. "See, my darling, I'm with you as usual; and I have heard nothing. Don't, oh, don't tremble in that way! There—I'll wrap you up in my shawl, and read to you. No! let's talk of Ovid."

Her efforts to compose Carmina were interrupted by a muffled sound of men's footsteps and women's voices in the next room. She hurriedly opened the door, and entreated them to whisper and be quiet. In the instant before she closed it again, she saw and heard. Le Frank lay in a swoon on the floor. The landlady was kneeling by him, looking at his injured hand; and the lodgers were saying, "Send him to the hospital."

(To be continued.)

PHILADELPHIA'S COMMERCIAL FACILITIES.

THE GREAT ELEVATORS AT GIRARD POINT.

GIRARD POINT, so named in honor of Philadelphia's old-time merchant, Stephen Girard, is situated at the confluence of the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers, and thus becomes the extreme southern boundary of the city. It is one of the principal terminals of the Pennsylvania Railroad and is in direct communication with the great grain centres of the West and Northwest. Here the Girard Point Storage Company have erected the two large elevators, which we illustrate, with their accessories of wharves, warehouses and yards, soon to be in full tide of business activity. The Girard Point Elevators are among the most complete in the country, and none offer superior advantages either for home or foreign shippers. To say that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company owns a controlling interest in the stock, and furnished, in large part, the money to complete this enterprise, is to declare its excellence in all respects, since that company seldom takes part in any work that is not of the highest character and merit, and never allows derogatory connections. Having leased the railroad and siding of the Girard Point Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company freight there as at its other depots in Philadelphia.

There are four large docks at Girard Point, 200 feet wide and 500 and 1,000 feet long, with a depth of twenty-four feet of water at low tide, capable of accommodating fifty first-class vessels. It is the intention to soon enlarge these docks to a length of 2,000 feet each, in order to accommodate the necessities of business. Four substantial piers constitute the wharfage facilities, and on Numbers 2 and 4 of these stand the two immense grain elevators of the company. These rest on solid foundations of granite masonry and piling, every precaution having been taken to render them absolutely secure in this respect as well as in all others.

Elevator A, at the base, is 201 feet 5 inches long and 90 feet wide. Its height, to the top of the bins, is 82 feet 4 inches, and thence to the peak of the ventilating roof is 73 feet 8 inches, thus making a total altitude of 156 feet. It has twelve iron grain-elevating machines of the most improved designs, which raise the grain from the track to the scale floor. There it is weighed on Fairbanks's Scales, of which there are twenty-four of 1,000 bushels capacity each. There are 142 storage bins, each 61 feet 2 inches deep by 10 feet 7 1/2 inches square, and 12 shipping-bins of the same dimensions, into each of which the main tube is placed. These bins are in pairs and communicate by an opening so that grain may pass from one to the other, while a valve in one allows the grain to run into the six cross-conveyors, three of which are on each side of the building. In this elevator are twelve shipping spouts which can deliver 160,000 bushels of grain in ten hours and load vessels from both sides of the building at the same time. Its total storage capacity is 1,000,000 bushels, and can unload 150 cars of 500 bushels in every ten hours. Steam shovels are used, and every appliance necessary for the speedy transmission of business is in place. The main motive power is derived from two low-pressure, Porter-Allen, high-grade engines, each with 14-inch cylinders and 24-inch stroke, developing 220-horse power each. These engines were built by the Southwark Foundry in Philadelphia. Both this and Elevator B are plated and roofed with corrugated iron in the endeavor to make them fire-proof as far as possible. The boiler-house belongs to elevator A, stands 16 feet from it and is 40x64 feet, 18 feet high at the sides and 23 feet high at the ends. The boiler-room is 34x38 feet. The coal-bunker, lined with brick, is 27x38 feet. The roof is corrugated iron.

Elevator B is 269 feet long at the base and 81 feet wide. The height to the top of the bin is 93 feet, and thence to peak of ventilating roof 67 feet, thus making the total height 160 feet. It has 16 grain-elevating machines, 270 storage bins, ranging from 20 to 72 feet deep, 136 shipping bins from 45 to 52 feet, and 104 shipping spouts capable of delivering 250,000 bushels of grain every ten hours; and can load vessels from both sides of the building and from the river at the same time. The first story or track entrance is twenty feet high, with four spaces for tracks, and one at each side for trucks and other vehicles. The weighing here is done by thirty-two Fairbanks's Scales, each of 1,000 bushels capacity, and so sensitive, that while they can weigh at one time 60,000 pounds, they will turn at the call of one-half pound. The motive power is obtained from two engines of the same capacity and manufacture as those in Elevator A. These engines have a speed of 180 revolutions a minute, hence their name. In ten hours 250 cars may be unloaded here; and the total storage capacity of the elevator is 1,200,000 bushels. Its equipments are similar to those of the one just described. The boiler-house stands 35 from the elevator, is built of brick, 27x72 feet, with coal-bunker attached. Four locomotive boilers standing a hydrostatic pressure of 150 pounds to the square inch are in the house, with a donkey pump connected for use in the emergency of fire. For the greater protection on this point a building is being erected between the two elevators which will contain the fire-extinguishing apparatus, in which will be used two Knowles Steam Pumps, thought to be admirably adapted for the purpose. These pumps are capable of discharging 1,500 gallons each of water per minute through a system of pipes traversing all points of the company's tract. They are driven by their own engines and are in charge of the fire brigade.

As to the massive foundations of these elevators, it may be further said that supporting Elevator A are 3,728 piles, 50 feet long. Under Elevator B are 6,800 piles. The labor performed and expense incurred in obtaining this security were, obviously, very large. The structures themselves are built of scantlings, two feet thick and eight inches wide, laid flat upon each other, the divisions between the rows of bins forming the interior walls. The iron plating required for their entire covering is the equivalent of several iron-clads, and makes them look like fortresses.

The process of emptying cars of grain by steam-shovels, and the elevation of it by means of buckets, fastened to endless belts, into the immense storage bins, is an exceedingly interesting one. In fact the whole business of the system is worth studying

since it comprehends not alone the storage and shipping of grain, but its sorting as to qualities and brands, and the issue of negotiable certificates based on the amount in store, furnished by each shipper, and other transactions, all of which render the grain trade easy to pursue, and free from the many annoyances which used to belong to it. A very necessary part of the mechanics of elevating is found in the belting used for the transmission of the grain. Elevator belts and conveyor belts do this work. The rubber belting used in these elevators deserves special mention, as it comprises one of the largest as well as the most substantial features of the labor-saving machinery connected with the elevators for handling the grain—which can best be appreciated, however, by a glance at the illustration. The belting is classified under the following heads: Driving or main, bucket and conveyor belts, distributed throughout the building in their various capacities. An enumeration of the lengths, widths and plies will probably give the clearest idea of their magnitude, viz.: 250 feet, 48 inches, 5 ply; 800 feet, 36 inches, 4 ply; 4,500 feet, 24 inches, 4 ply; 300 feet, 30 inches, 4 ply; 300 feet, 18 inches, 4 ply; 450 feet, 16 inches, 4 ply; 400 feet, 10 and 12 inches, 4 ply; together with a host of smaller widths of belting, making a grand total of over seven thousand feet. All the above belting is manufactured by the New York Belting and Packing Company, and furnished by D. P. Dietrich, Philadelphia.

The extent of the Girard Point Storage Company's grounds and improvements, with their excellent facilities for transacting business, commands for it a large trade. Its alliance with a leading railroad which extends through the greater part of the country, and its proximity to the ocean, with a splendid surrounding territory that both pours treasures of grain into it and draws supplies from it in the multitude of varied interests, all unite to contribute to its present, and to assure its future, increased prosperity.

The success of the company, in connection with its material advantages, has been largely owing to the excellent management of its affairs, both official and mechanical. Mr. Joseph D. Foite, the President, assisted by Mr. Clement A. Griscom, Chairman of the Executive Committee, and Mr. John D. Taylor, Treasurer, have each faithfully performed the duties devolved upon them, while Mr. C. B. Bowley, the manager of the company, is probably one of the most capable men in his profession, of large experience, sound in judgment and eminently practical in his views and plans. Mr. C. E. Davis, in charge of the elevators, and Mr. Jacob Herold, the engineer, in their several responsible places, help to maintain the efficiency of the company's works and thus to promote its prosperity.

Messrs. Maister & Reaney, of Baltimore, Md., were the contractors and builders of Elevator A and the machinery of Elevator B, W. B. Reaney, of this firm, being the designer of the elevators. Messrs. Coffrode & Taylor, of Philadelphia, were contractors for the construction of Elevator B, all of which construction has been prosecuted and brought to a successful termination under the direction of Mr. William H. Brown, Chief Engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

THE INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR CLEVELAND.

THE inauguration of Hon. Grover Cleveland as Governor of New York took place in the Senate Chamber, at Albany, on New Year's Day. Nearly all the members of the Legislature were present, and the prominent State officials, with a number of leading Democrats. At a few minutes past eleven a procession of officials entered through the main doorway, the most prominent figures being the two Governors, arm-in-arm—Mr. Cornell at the right and Mr. Cleveland at the left; both men clad in black from head to foot, with their coats buttoned tightly in front. The two Governors parted before the President's desk and ascended to it from opposite staircases. The members of each Governor's staff wore brilliant uniforms, and contributed the only showy features of the ceremonies, ranging themselves in a semicircle before the President's desk. After prayer by the chaplain of the Senate, Secretary of State Carr walked up the steps leading to the President's desk, handed Mr. Cleveland the Bible and read the oath of office. Mr. Cleveland listened intently, and when the reading was ended put the Book to his lips. Governor Cornell followed with an address of welcome to Governor Cleveland, after which the new Executive delivered his inaugural—brief and modest little speech. This concluded the ceremonies, and the Governors, with their staffs and the other officers, returned to the Executive Chambers, where a reception was held by Governor Cleveland for over an hour.

THE SPEAKER OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

MR. ALFRED C. CHAPIN, who has been elected Speaker of the New York Assembly, is one of the youngest men who ever reached that high position, having been born at South Hadley, Mass., in 1848. Mr. Chapin graduated at Williams College in 1869, and at the Harvard Law School two years later. He was admitted to the New Hampshire Bar in 1871, and to the New York Bar in 1872, and has gained an excellent reputation in his chosen profession. His first appearance in politics was in the Fall of 1881, when he received the nomination to the Assembly from the Democrats of the Eleventh District of Brooklyn. Prior to that time he had belonged to no political organization except the Young Men's Democratic Club. In the ensuing election Mr. Chapin received a majority of nearly 1,200, although the majority for the Republican State ticket at the same election in his district was nearly 2,400, and that for Mayor Low was 3,900. Although one of the youngest members of the Legislature, Mr. Chapin speedily became a prominent figure, and made an enviable record. He introduced and carried through the primary election law, sometimes designated as the Chapin law; he did excellent work as chairman of the special committee appointed to investigate receiverships of insolvent insurance companies; and as a member of the Judiciary Committee he participated in the Westbrook investigation, and presented a minority report which recommended the impeachment of Judge Westbrook for mal and corrupt conduct in office. Mr. Chapin's whole course in the Legislature was most creditable to himself, but it was exceedingly offensive to the lobby, and the ward politicians made earnest efforts to prevent his reelection. But the independent young men of Brooklyn helped to elect Mayor Low rallied to Mr. Chapin's support, and gave him over 300 majority. The politicians were greatly mortified, and when his name was mentioned for Speaker it was received by them with bitter sneers. Nor was it at all pleasing to the corporation agents that hung around Albany during the legislative session. But the public sentiment in his favor proved so strong as to be irresistible, and he on the second ballot in the Democratic caucus secured the nomination.

Mr. Chapin has a great opportunity, and his previous record, brief as it is, affords ground for hope that he will prove equal to it. Mr. Chapin is tall and slim, with a pale, impressive face, regular features and jet black hair; he has a cool, quiet, impetuous manner; he talks in an undertone, and seems to weigh his words carefully before giving them utterance. He has, too, an intellectual, student-like air, and his habitual expression is one of gravity and general decorum.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

BISMARCK has again intimated that he may shortly retire from public life.

It is now stated that the coronation of the Czar of Russia will probably take place in April next.

THE Maine Legislature has re-elected Hon. William B. Frye as United States Senator for six years.

MISS ELIZA MANNING HAWTHORNE, only sister of Nathaniel Hawthorne, died in Beverly, Mass., on the 1st instant.

THE President has nominated General A. P. Ketcham to be appraiser of merchandise at New York vice Howard.

Mlle. SOPHIE ALEXANDRINE CROIZETTE, the celebrated French actress, has retired from the Theatre Francaise on a pension.

MR. GLADSTONE received 7,000 congratulatory letters and telegrams on the fiftieth anniversary of his entering into public life.

GOVERNOR ST. JOHN of Kansas is to start out upon an extended temperance lecturing tour soon after his retirement from office.

CHIEF-JUSTICE SHARSWOOD, of Pennsylvania, retired from the Bench on the 1st instant, after thirty-seven years of judicial service.

THE widow of the late Minister Marsh has purchased a Winter residence at Villa Fiorini, Florence, and will not return to the United States.

THE widow of the late D. A. Goddard, editor of the Boston Advertiser, has declined to accept the purse of \$25,000 presented by friends of her husband.

LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA, commander of the Abyssinian expedition, and more recently Governor of Gibraltar, has been appointed a Field Marshal.

MR. and MRS. FLORENCE celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage at New York, New Year's Day, by appearing in the 2,496th performance of "The Mighty Dollar."

W. R. MOHLEY, the well-known chief-engineer of the Atchafalaya, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway system, was accidentally shot and killed at Santa Rosalia, 125 miles south of Chihuahua, Mexico, last week.

MRS. GARFIELD has set apart one large room in her new house in Cleveland, Ohio, for the preservation and display of the numerous tributes of affection and respect received by President Garfield during his illness and by her after his death.

W. C. ANDERSON, the young telegraph-operator at Lachute, Canada, who recently fell heir to \$750,000 by the death of an uncle in Scotland, has since been notified of a bequest to him of \$100,000 made by another uncle lately deceased.

THE will of the late James Laughlin, of Pittsburgh, Pa., directs the payment from his estate of \$15,000 to the Pennsylvania Female College, \$10,000 to the Western Theological Seminary, and \$5,000 to the Western University.

SAMUEL COLLEY, who finished his fourth term as Mayor of Salem, Mass., on New Year's, went home from the inauguration of his successor and hanged himself. There appears to have been insanity in the family, his brother having committed suicide some years ago.

EX-GOVERNOR SHEPHERD, of the District of Columbia, who after his downfall as Washington "boss" went down to Mexico to make a new fortune in mining, has been wonderfully successful, and his wealth is estimated to be already well up in the millions.

MR. DILLON announces that he will retire from Parliament next month. He resigns, he says, solely because his health is broken down, and labor will be impossible to him for a considerable time. He believes the national cause was never since the union in a stronger position.

A BEAUTIFUL engraving of Leo XIII., similar to the one of Napoleon I., made by Calmette, has been made by the French engraver, Joseph Maunier. His Holiness is much pleased with it. He has given a gold medal to the artist, and created him Knight of St. Gregory the Great.

COUNT VON WIMPFEN, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Paris, committed suicide by shooting himself, a few days ago. He had been acting in an eccentric manner for some time, talking aloud to himself for hours at a time, and was undoubtedly insane when he fired the fatal shot.

IRA BERRY, aged eighty-one, the oldest Mason in Maine, Secretary of the Grand Lodge, and holding other high positions in the Masonic Order, fell from the top of a high stepladder in the Grand Lodge library room at Portland, last week, and broke his right leg. His advanced age renders his recovery doubtful.

THE wife of Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has presented the new Methodist Church on Gardiner Avenue, Long Branch, a handsome organ in honor of the church being called after her husband. Mrs. Fletcher Harper, of New York, has given the altar adornments and communion service to the new church.

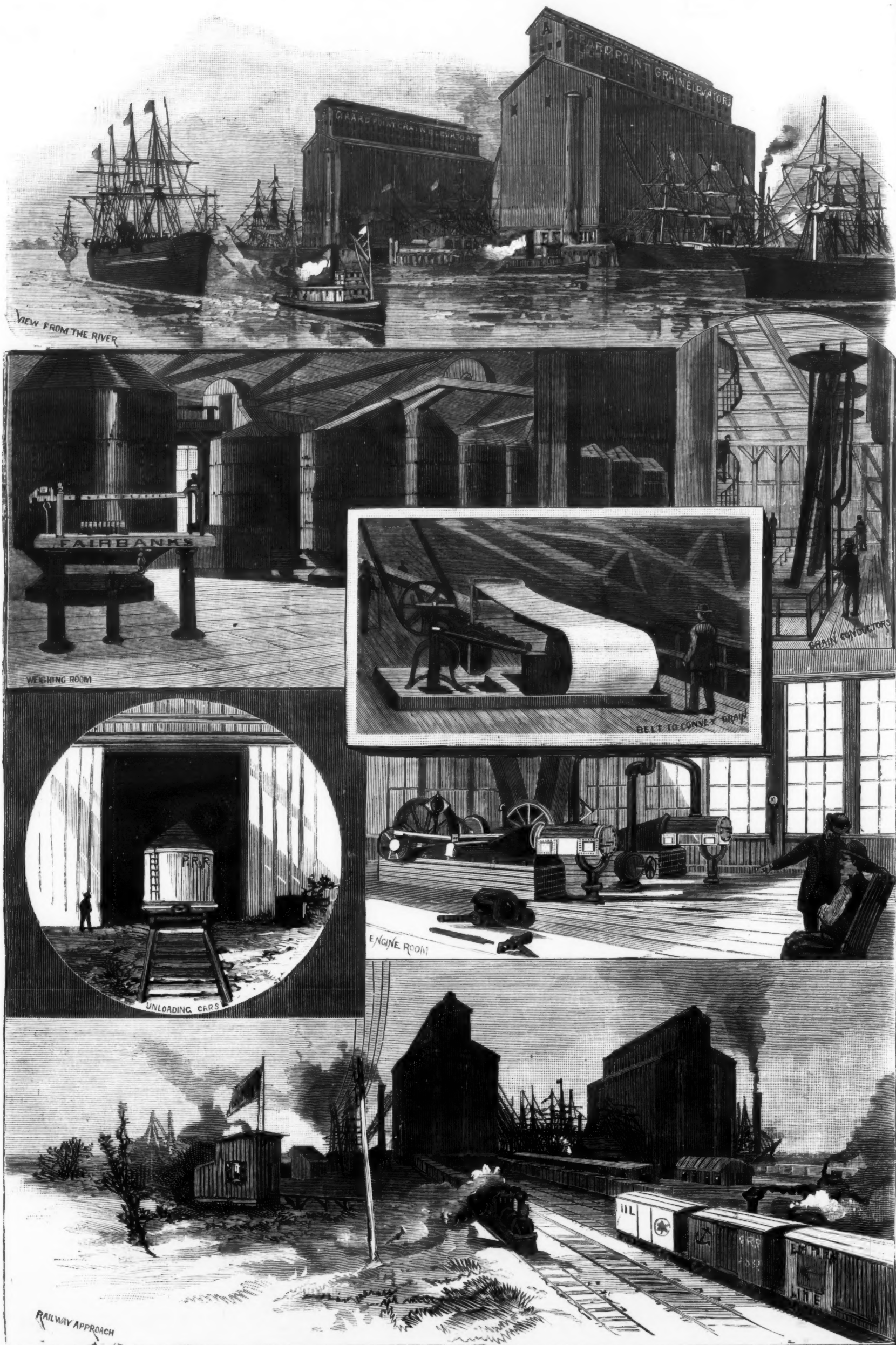
MR. YUNG WING, late Chinese Minister at Washington, has been appointed Taotai, or Chief Magistrate, of the City of Shanghai. Mr. Yung Wing is a professed Christian, which makes the appointment the more remarkable on account of its being the first of the kind. He speaks the English language fluently, and is generally well educated.

ACTIVE preparations are making at Honolulu for the coronation of King Kalakaua on February 12th. A grand amphitheatre which will seat over 4,000 persons is being erected in front of the palace. The coronation ceremonies will take place in the Grand Pavilion. The whole Hawaiian population appears to be united as one man to do honor to King Kalakaua.

MR. JOSEPH M. BENNETT, who, some time since, presented to the managers of "The Orphanage of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Philadelphia" two acres of land, with a house thereon, has lately given to it his farm of twenty-five acres adjoining the two then given. The land is just on the margin of Fairmount Park and is valued at \$50,000.

REV. DR. TITUS COAN, a veteran and widely-known missionary of the American Board, died at Rio, Sandwich Islands, December 24, at the age of eighty-two. He had been known for years as the Apostle of the Sandwich Islands, having lived there for over fifty years, and wielded a great influence with the people. He continued in the active work of his ministry to the last.

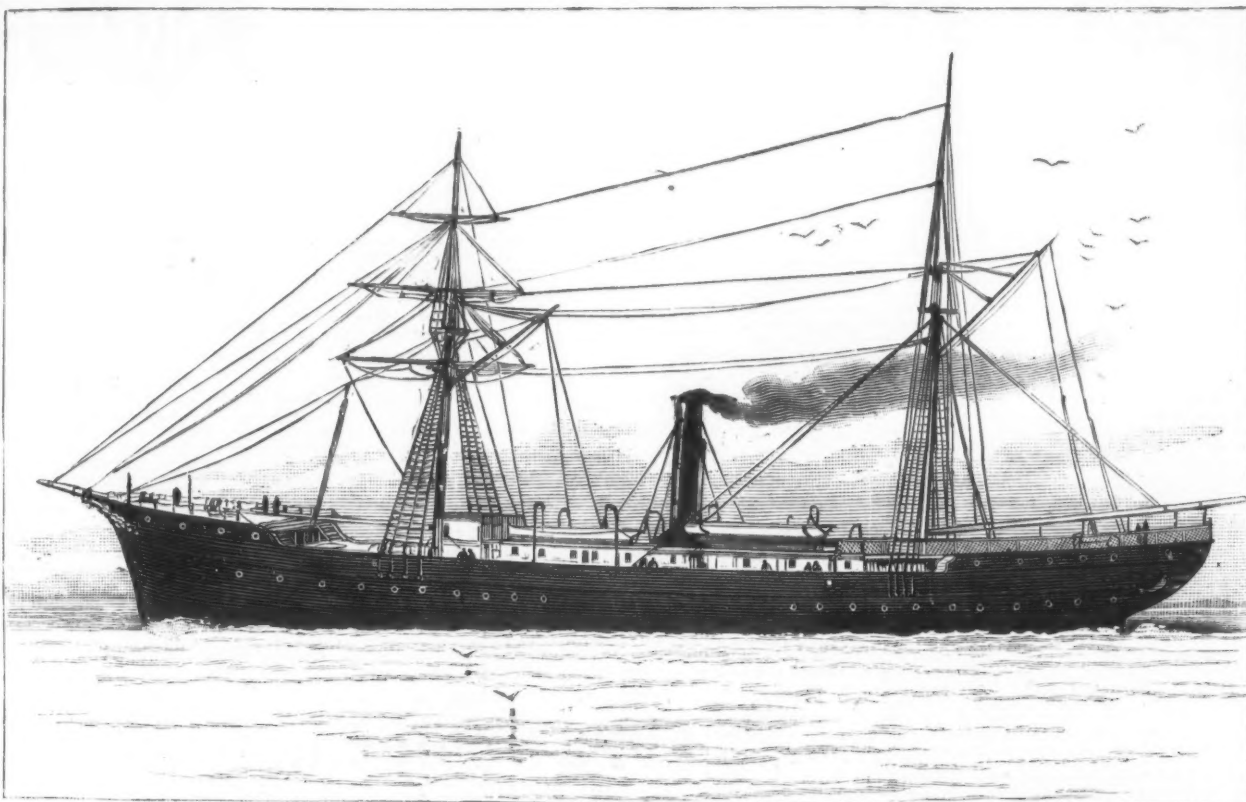
ROBERT MORRIS, the negro lawyer who lately died in Boston, left property worth \$100,000. There was something singular about his profitable clientele. He went to the bar when prejudice against his color was very strong, and yet his clients were for a long time almost entirely among the Irish people, who had great faith in his legal powers. On the other hand, the negroes of the city were rather shy of him, and he never gained much practice from them.



PENNSYLVANIA.—EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE GRAIN ELEVATORS AT GIRARD POINT, PHILADELPHIA.
FROM SKETCHES BY F. E. LUMMIS.—SEE PAGE 347.

THE NEW VESSEL OF THE AMERICAN FISH COMMISSION.

WE give on this page an illustration of the *Albatross*, the vessel just completed for the United States Fish Commission, at the works of the Fuses & Jones Company, Wilmington, Del. The *Albatross* is of iron, 200 feet long, 27 feet 9 inches beam, 16 feet 9 inches depth of hold, and of 800 tons burden. She is fitted with the latest improvements in the appliances for deep-sea dredging, including patent dredgers, eight miles of wire rope, etc. The winding-engine will be run by two steam-engines, and the steel rope will be paid out and wound up by a reeling-engine, worked on the lower deck, provided with an automatic arrangement devised by Captain Z. Tanner, whose experience as commander of the *Fishhawk* has made him most proficient in the matter of dredging and trawling. The *Albatross* will have two large laboratories, one on the upper deck, amidships, and the other immediately under this. In these laboratories all the microscopic work will be carried out and preparations made. As ornithology enters into the researches of the scientific party who will be carried out on the *Albatross*, the best arrangements have been made for the use of the taxidermists. As tenders, the *Albatross* will be provided with two Herreshoff steam launches. One has this peculiarity, that, carrying her propeller amidships, the screw can either be worked directly at right angles with the keel or moved parallel with it, so that in heavy weather the wheel will always be submerged. The other launch is of the usual



THE NEW IRON STEAMSHIP "ALBATROSS," BUILT FOR THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.—FROM A PHOTO.

model. These launches are to be equipped with all kinds of apparatus necessary for the capture of the octopuses and fur-bearing animals. These launches will have bulkheads so as to serve as life-boats. In addition to these, the *Albatross* will carry a very large yawl, some thirty feet long, to be used for sealing purposes. It may be understood from this description that the *Albatross* has the capacity of a regular transatlantic vessel, as she has room for 200 tons of coal, and to steam twelve knots an hour will consume some fifteen tons of coal every twenty-four hours. Her crew will consist of sixty-five men, and they will be detailed from the navy. The officer in command will be Lieutenant-commander Z. Tanner, and she will carry a lieutenant, a surgeon, an engineer officer, and two or three ensigns.

The *Albatross* has been built for the special purpose of gathering and preserving sea-fish. Each summer she will visit various localities and engage in deep-sea dredging. Heretofore the commission has used the little steamer *Fishhawk* for this purpose, but it was too small and crank for good service, and only short excursions in fair weather could be made. For several years it has been customary to spend the month of August at Wood's Hole, Cape Cod, making two or three days' trips out to sea, and these trips have invariably been rewarded by the discovery of fine specimens of rare species of the inhabitants of the deep waters.

The first use to be made of the new vessel will be to send her to London, with a cargo of specimens of small fish and other residents of the deep, to be exhibited at the International Fish Exhibition to be held in that city in May. She will be under the direction of Professor Baird, who will make the trip with her.

THE COREAN EMBASSY TO CHINA.

THE special envoy who recently visited China to consult with the authorities of that country in reference to commercial intercourse was an officer of high rank, being Superintendent of Trade at one of the newly-opened ports. His portrait, which we give with those of his suite, possesses a peculiar interest at this time from the fact that he was one of the first to



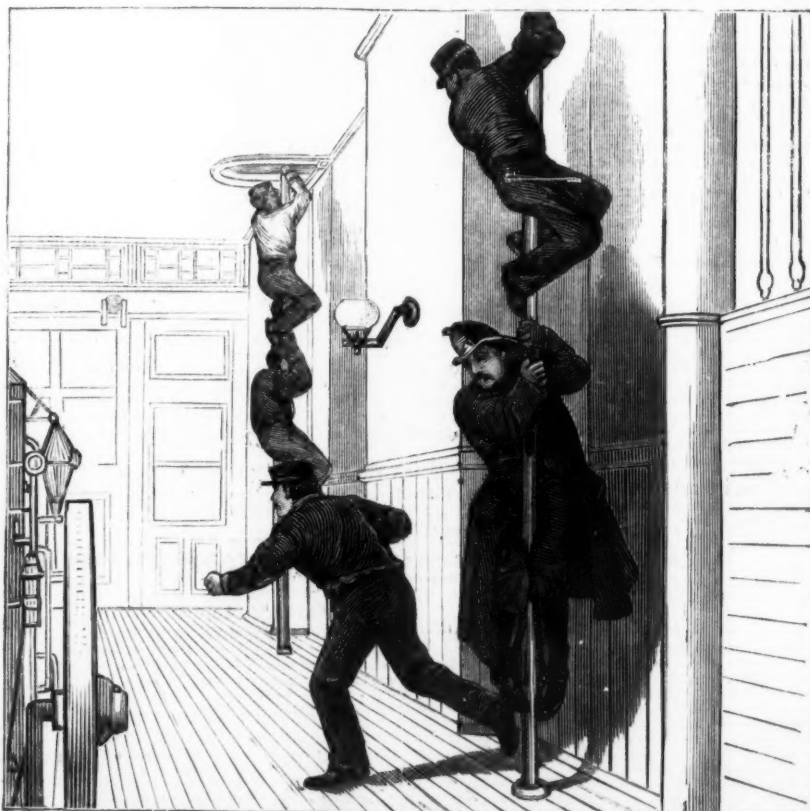
THE COREAN EMBASSY TO CHINA.—THE ENVOY AND HIS SUITE.



ILLINOIS.—THE NEW BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, CHICAGO.



GREENLAND.—THE TOWN OF GODTHAAB, RENDEZVOUS OF THE DANISH POLAR EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 350.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE "SLIDING-POSTS," JUST ADOPTED IN THE ENGINE-HOUSES OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.—SEE PAGE 350.

counsel his sovereign to open Corea to foreigners. For this advice he was thrown into prison, and narrowly escaped the doom which is so often meted out to those who offer unwelcome counsel. The wisdom of his advice, however, has more recently been acknowledged, and he is now in high favor. Corea, by her treaty with the United States and other steps in the same direction, has formally abandoned the policy of isolation so long maintained, and the establishment of political and commercial relations with the world at large is not likely to be much longer postponed.

NEW BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

THE new Chicago Board of Trade Building, work upon which was commenced in August last, will be in every respect a credit to that city of magnificent structures. The building, which will be nine stories high, has a front of 173 feet on Jackson Street, and 225 feet each on Sherman and Pacific Avenues. The portion set apart to the Board of Trade proper will be 173x140 feet. The material used is Fox Island granite, and the cost of this part of the structure will reach \$1,500,000. The style of

architecture is modern gothic. The outside walls will be surrounded with large, full columns placed between the windows. The most important of these columns will be made of wrought-iron of 8-inch metal, and will measure 80 feet in length by 42 inches in thickness. They will rest on finished bases of marble, and will largely support the upper stories of the building. The interior finish and decorations will be artistic and appropriate. The ceiling will be in broad panels, with an arched skylight in the centre, filled with ornamental stained glass. This skylight will measure 70x85 feet, and will have another above it in the roof of the same size. All the floor and roof construction will be of iron, thoroughly fireproof. No wood will be used in the building except in the floor-surfaces, window-work and doors. The windows will be made of plate-glass, some of them no less than 47 feet high; the one in the centre tower will be 57 feet high.

The main, or Jackson Street, front is divided into seven parts. There are two pavilions, one on each corner; then two receding bays; the centre portion of the elevation, on either side of the grand tower, and finally the grand tower itself. This tower will be 32 feet wide on the street. For 225 feet it will be built of stone and brick, and the upper 75 feet of iron. At a height of 220 feet will be placed a clock with four dials, and 10 feet above this will be an observation balcony, from which a view of any part of the city, and of the suburbs, can be obtained. On either side of the main entrance will be square, polished columns of red granite. The main columns in front will be 20 feet high and 5 feet in diameter, surmounted with carved capitals, brackets, etc., and will support a balcony.

The sub-basement will be used exclusively for the apparatus for heating, ventilation and drainage. Flues of different sizes, made of sewer-pipe, are being built in the walls, to be used for ventilation. The heating will be by direct and indirect radiation from steam pipes. The foul air will be taken out both at the floor and at the ceiling, and conducted under the floors to a main ventilating shaft, within which will be built the main steam and smoke-stack, the whole standing 185 feet high. The principal foul-air ducts will branch out from the grain-pits in the centre of the hall and be so arranged that the exact length and capacity of all will be the same.

The floor of the main hall is eighteen feet above the sidewalk. Above this floor will be two stories for office purposes, and the call-board room will be located in one of them. The office building in the rear will be nine or ten stories high, and will cost another \$1,000,000. The architect of the entire structure is W. W. Boyington.

GODTHAAB, IN SOUTH GREENLAND.

THE town of Godthaab is the capital of the district of the same name in South Greenland, being the residence of the Inspector who is charged with the administration of the district. It lies in latitude 64°, and has a small population, that of the district being about 600. The town was a point of departure of the Danish Polar Expedition, which there took necessary supplies and completed its preparations for the work before it.

"SLIDING-POSTS" IN ENGINE-HOUSES.

AMONG the latest "improvements" introduced into the engine-houses of the New York Fire Department are "sliding-posts," designed for use by the firemen in descending from their sleeping apartments to the rooms occupied by their engines and horses. Formerly, more or less time was lost by the men, after an alarm of fire, in making their way from the upper to the lower floors. Now, by the erection of "sliding-posts," they are able to glide down in an instant without the delay of opening doors or overcoming other possible obstacles. As every moment saved in getting to a fire counts in favor of the public, this simple appliance is likely to be as popular with property-owners as it is with the firemen themselves.

STATISTICS OF 1882.

THE total value of imports at Boston for fifty-one weeks in 1882 was \$71,384,937, an increase of \$8,438,757. The value of exports for the same period was \$56,556,658, a decrease of \$13,198,980. The failures in the city for the year were 107, the liabilities amounting to \$6,064,459, and the assets to \$5,850,095.

THE bullion product of the Leadville district for the last quarter of 1882 was as follows: Pounds of lead, 17,029,228; ounces of silver, 1,336,212; ounces of gold, 2,921. Total currency value, \$5,783,127. The total value of the output for the last four years is as follows: 1879, \$10,333,749; 1880, \$14,187,697; 1881, \$13,170,576; 1882, \$18,220,893.

THE grand total of the permanent school fund of Indiana is \$9,207,411.51, an increase of about \$75,000 during the last twelve months. It is a noteworthy fact that Indiana has the largest educational fund by more than \$1,500,000 of all the States of the Union, and it is so secured that the principal cannot be touched, and the aggregate must, therefore, constantly increase.

IN the past year 6,476 vessels entered New York from foreign ports. Of these 1,878 were American, 2,633 British, 534 German, 413 Norwegian, 309 Italian, 131 Austrian, and 108 French. Of all the vessels arriving, 1,945 were steamers, 407 ships, 1,857 barks, 896 brigs, and 1,371 schooners. America leads Great Britain in the arrival only of ships, brigs and schooners. Of coastwise vessels the number was 3,968. The arrivals from foreign ports were fewer than for any year since 1877, and those from domestic ports greater.

THE mercantile failures in the United States in 1882, as shown by Bradstreet's, numbered 7,574, against 5,929 in 1881, and 4,350 in 1880. The total general liabilities were \$35,599,936, and the total actual assets \$47,267,674. There was an increase of about \$17,000,000 in liabilities and \$12,000,000 in assets, so that the percentage of the latter to the former was 50 per cent., as against 47 per cent. last year. The showing of percentage of assets to liabilities is better in the United States than in Canada, for in the Dominion the percentage this year was only 49, as against 54 in 1881. Divided by sections, the number of failures for the year are as follows: New England States, 1,193; Middle States, 1,752; Southern States, 1,532; Western States, 2,940; Pacific States, 616; and Territories, 118. While the total number of failures in the Western States was the greatest, the total liabilities were \$10,000,000 less than in the Middle States—\$20,710,488, as against \$30,631,062—and the assets \$4,000,000 less—\$10,556,840, as against \$14,879,664. The record of Canada and the Provinces for the year was 642 failures, with liabilities of \$8,131,285, and assets of \$3,944,380.

THE annual report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics upon our foreign commerce shows that in the last fiscal year our exports of merchandise fell off \$151,000,000, while our imports increased nearly \$82,000,000. The excess of exports over imports for the last fiscal year was a little less than \$26,000,000, or almost exactly one-tenth of the excess of exports for the previous year. The total value of imports and exports of merchandise and specie fell off \$107,000,000. The decrease of more than \$150,000,000 in the value of the exports of domestic merchandise was due, says the report, almost entirely to the falling off in the exports of cottons and of breadstuffs and provisions, a result attributable to the drought and other unfavorable meteorological influences which prevailed during the crop season of 1881. This decrease in the value of the exports of

cotton and of breadstuffs and provisions amounted to \$163,000,000. There was, however, a considerable increase in the exports of petroleum, of manufactured articles, and of certain other commodities. The value of exports of raw and manufactured cotton was more than \$213,000,000, or 29 per cent. of the whole, while the value of the exports of bread, breadstuffs and provisions was \$363,000,000, or 41 per cent. of the whole. Our imports were greater in value for the last year than ever before, and the value exceeded the value for the preceding year by \$81,000,000, the increase being due chiefly to higher values of some of the leading commodities. The imports of sugar and molasses lead the list, amounting to more than \$100,000,000, or almost one-seventh of the whole. Nearly 41 per cent. of our foreign commerce was with England, Scotland and Ireland, the exports amounting to nearly 54½ per cent. and the imports to 27 per cent. Of the merchandise exported from the United States 45.9 per cent. went out of the port of New York city, and of the imports 68 per cent. came in at that port. Of our total foreign commerce nearly 57 per cent. was carried on at that port. Of the duties on imports nearly 69 per cent. was collected at New York.

MISS EMMA THURSBY'S CONCERTS.

AN undertaking of special interest to musical students, and of special charm to the musical world, has been inaugurated in the Historical Concert Cycles, which commenced last week at Chickering Hall, and at which our fair and gifted countrywoman, Miss Emma Thursby, was the bright particular star, assisted by Madame Teresa Liebe, violinist; Miss Maria Heimlicher, pianist, and Mr. Theo Liebe, violoncellist. The idea—an admirable one—is to present at each of the twelve concerts twenty numbers, being selections from the most distinguished composers, from Palestrina, 1524, to Henschel, 1853—so that the student and the musical public may be enabled to enjoy the development of composition through the various ages, and to distinguish between the various schools. It were scarcely possible to suggest a more pleasing mode of instruction; and when we come to consider that this instruction is afforded through the medium of the highest talent and the highest culture, it ceases to be a matter of wonder that the success of the Cycles is all that its sterling merit deserves. Of Miss Thursby's methods no word need be said. She is in superb voice, and every note is received with rapture by her enthusiastic audiences. The performance of Madame Teresa Liebe on the violin, and Mr. Theo Liebe on the violoncello, are worthy of the occasion; while the piano-playing of Miss Marie Heimlicher is as finished as it is elegant. The director is Maurice Strakosch.

FUN.

AN egotist's story extends as far as the I can reach.

A JUDGE should not lay down the law before he has fairly taken it up.

HE isn't much of a man who cannot find in himself all the symptoms spoken of in a patent medicine almanac.

WHEN the bank stops payment, nowadays, there is reason to believe that some of its officers ought to be suspended.

A LITTLE Augusta three-year-old girl rebuked her mother for alluding to a black cat. She said it was a "colored" cat.

A PARTY advertises for a servant who must sleep on the premises. An ex-policeman or a private watchman might fill the bill.

"WHAT does the sign 'Inward baggage' mean?" asked Snodkins of his friend, as they walked through the depot—"refreshments?"

THE Study of History.—Grandpa—"And so you like Edward VI. best; but why?" Mary—"Well, because he is only a page and a half long."

"I BEGAN the use of your Compound Oxygen Treatment just as I was taking a bad cold; the cold passed off without settling on my lungs or otherwise hurting me. Have had no pain or rattling in my lungs after the first two weeks' treatment. It works mysteriously on my whole system. I am stouter now than I have been for two years." So writes one of our patients. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen sent free. DR. STURKEY & PALLEN, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AMONG the novelties announced for 1883 is an almanac with a new joke in it. Send in your orders early to avoid disappointment.

THERE are some things it is not worth while to do even if you can. For example, it is not worth while to pay ten dollars extra for an insurance policy, on the chance of getting five of it back in "dividends"; nor to buy a chance of getting insurance at half price by an assessment, when you can buy the certainty at a very moderate rate. THE TRAVELERS LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY neither passes the hat itself nor asks its policy-holders to pass it; it sells its goods at the lowest practicable rate, and pays its bills when they are due.

"YOU can't come it," said a customer to a druggist who endeavored to palm off his own mixture when DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP was asked for, and BULL's he got. Price 25 cents a bottle.

"WHY did you speak to that policeman? Are you acquainted with him?" asked Milligan's wife, as she and her husband were walking home from the theatre the other night. "Oh, no! I don't know the man," replied Milligan; "It was simply my duty as a citizen to see if he was awake."

FOR thick heads, heavy stomachs, biliousness, "WELLS' MAY APPLE PILLS," cathartic. 10 and 25c.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS is a household word all over the world. For over fifty years it has advertised itself by its merits. It is now advertised to warn the public against counterfeits. The genuine article is manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

THIS ERA OF PREPARED FOODS

HAS developed none comparable to ANGLO-SWISS MILK-FOOD for young children and invalids. Druggists and grocers keep it.

SKINNY MEN.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. \$1.

THE GREAT SUCCESS

ACHIEVED BY CASWELL, MASSEY & CO.'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL, with PEPSIN and QUININE, has induced many imitations. Get the original. 1,121 Broadway and 578 Fifth Avenue.

A GOOD OFFER.

THE CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILROAD COMPANY have just issued an illustrated treatise, "The Heart of the Continent," describing the wonderful growth of the Six Great States. The book is beautifully printed, and numerous engravings of high merit adorn its pages. Any one sending his name and address with two three-cent postage stamps will receive a copy by return mail, by applying to Percival Lowell, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

FOR OVERWORK.
DR. G. W. COLLINS, Tipton, Ind., says: "I used it in nervous debility, brought on by overwork in warm weather, with good results."

BURNETT'S COCAINE

PROMOTES a vigorous and healthy growth of the hair. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out, and has never failed to arrest its decay.
Use BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS—the best.

HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE—The great relish for soups, fish, gravies, meats, etc.

HEGEMAN'S GASTRICINE,

A Specific for Dyspepsia.

Sold by all Druggists, 25 cts. per box. Sent by mail. J. N. HEGEMAN & CO., Broadway, cor. 8th St., N. Y.

"Use Redding's Russia Salve."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPE'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½ lb. and 1 lb.) labeled.

JAMES EPPE & CO., HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, London, England.

Golden Hair Wash.

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